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Sandra Glass lost 45 kilos!

"I had let myself go to pot, weightwise, and now I have been able to bring my weight down to the right level and bring up my spirits and my life. I previously weighed 109 kilos and now I weigh a gorgeous 64 kilos".

Domenick Griesi, teenager, lost 23 kilos!

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We have been involved in researching weight-loss concepts for the past three years. Our customers have taught us that what is required is an effective, quick and safe weight-loss plan. We have spent the last year in negotiation to secure the STS program exclusively for our mail order public. We feel the results—the fantastic STS Program—have been worth the effort.

Here's What Users Of The STS Method Have To Say:

Lee G., 11 Kgs. in 1½ months:

"It is such an easy and non-frustrating way to lose weight. This is the best method I have found in 15 years of dieting."

Father P., 13 Kgs. in 2 months:

"I recommend this program enthusiastically to anyone who seriously wants to lose weight."

Harry C., 23 Kgs. in 2½ months:

"There are no nasty after effects. I've been on about five or six diets, all of which involved medication, and I always lost weight. But I didn't like the feeling. The drugs would make me grouchy after the pills wore off... Besides, I always went up again after I stopped using the pills."

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- **Diet pills make you tense and nervous —STS leaves you relaxed and energetic**
- **Diet Plans require change in eating habits—with STS you eat all the foods you ate before**
- **Almost every weight-loss method requires will power—STS eliminates that painful barrier**
- **Other plans require a different regimen for active, non-active, young and old—STS works remarkable results for everyone, including teenagers and children**
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- **Other methods have a yo-yo effect, weight comes off, and goes right back on—with STS weight stays off permanently.**

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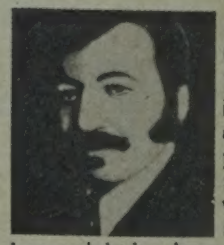
We promise that if you truly want to lose every excess kilo you have been living with—even if it's been years since you last dieted—this will be the easiest, most permanent weight-loss method you have ever tried. If you are not absolutely delighted with the programme and with your progress within 10 days (and you are the sole judge of how much you want to lose), simply return your STS Plan and your money will be promptly refunded (except postage and handling).



Meet the Creator Of The STS Method

Frank Rocco, R.H., is a world-renowned registered therapist, and his clinical success with people who had never before been able to lose weight has been phenomenal.

Mr. Rocco's contention is : "Any person can lose weight with this plan as long as they have the sincere desire to lose. That is the only prerequisite. They can lose as much as they want, Two kilos to Forty five kilos, and there is no medication involved." He has proven this in case after case, where he has given new hope and new happiness to people who had tried dozens of other weight-loss methods without lasting success.

Frank Rocco is recognised as a major authority in his field and has been the subject of many newspaper articles and television shows.

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MADHAVI SHARMA

Tall, attractive, light eyed, Madhavi — nick-named Muddy — finished her I.S.C. from Tara Hall, Simla and completed a course in Communication, Public Speaking and Psychology from the famous Rochester School of Technology, New York.

Muddy is at present doing her second year in Textile Designing at the Delhi Polytechnic and within six months will be rushing off to Paris for a course in Fashion Designing.

Besides having a flair for designing, she enjoys doing ceramics, plays tennis, is fond of swimming and likes horse riding.

Widely travelled, Madhavi wants to settle down in Bombay as her father is here. And her ambition is to become a fashion designer and start a big shop like Macy's of New York. At present, she runs a modelling agency in Delhi.

Photograph :
Farokh Reporter

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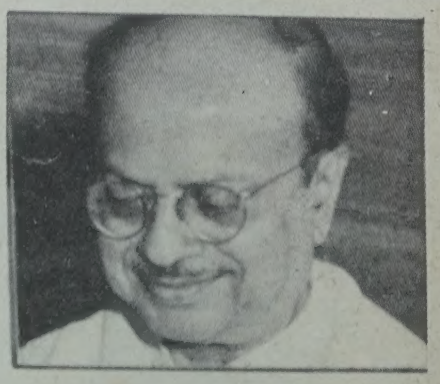
this week

INTERVIEW : PRATAP C. CHUNDER

The deplorably low rate of literacy among women and the alarmingly high number of female school drop-outs, makes education a very vital issue in women's emancipation. An interview with the Union Minister for Education and Social Welfare tells of his plans and priorities in the new year.

Page 8.



THE STATE OF OUR EDUCATION

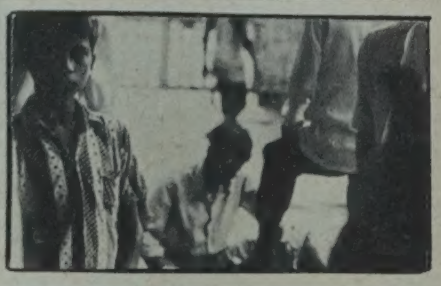
An over-all look at the education system in India today, identifying the major problem areas that need urgent attention.

Page 9.

NIGHT SCHOOLS

Often the only door to upward mobility open to youth from economically backward classes, night schools are being threatened with possible closure, mainly because of financial difficulties.

Page 39.



PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Are they cultivating brown sahibs? And does the quality of education they maintain justify their existence as preserves for the elite?

Page 34.

10+2+3

Originally intended to further the cause of uniformity and quality in the education system, the 10+2+3 scheme has, instead, generated confusion for college authorities, teachers, students and parents.

Page 14.

ALSO

Valley of Flowers : A floral paradise, ideal for summer — **Page 21.**
Youth Page : What students think of the educational system today — **Page 11.**
Bedspreads : Colourful embroidery to brighten up the bedroom — **Page 33.**
Film Interview : Shatrughan Sinha — **Page 37.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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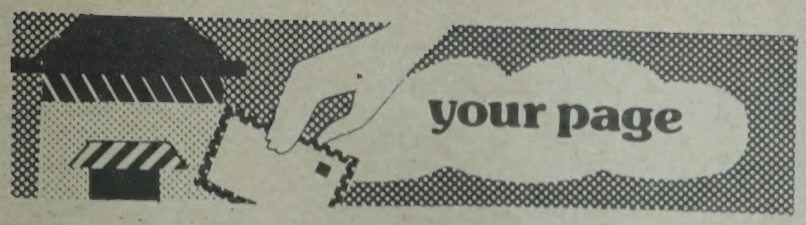


1st prize

PERMITTING THE PERMISSIVE

A recent announcement by an unwed filmstar that she was not only pregnant but intended to have the baby did not shock anybody. It was even given out by a section of the press that her stand was not mod but very orthodox! This episode is indicative of the current permisive trend. Many parents with grown-up daughters must have received this news with their hearts in their mouths. One never knows how far the adulation of youngsters for their matinee idols may make them emulate these glamorous trend setters. As regards unwed mothers, it is important that the right balance is maintined, for they should neither be ostracised nor encouraged. The prevalent attitude is not to come down harshly on them; the argument being that, right or wrong, the woman is pregnant and her misery should not be aggravated by people's censure, which may push her over the deep end by either making her commit suicide or infanticide. In trying to avoid one pitfall, one should not fall into another by turning a blind eye or being too lenient, which will only encourage permissiveness and moral laxity.

As soft-pedalling on grave issues such as sex and crime could unleash a wave of debauchery and murder, as in the Western countries, it is best that society puts a timely brake on the current permissive trend.

Miss E. Dhanayanthy Devasundaram, Madras

Urban society is already drawing its inspiration from western skies. Absence of virginity, extra-marital sex, live-in "marriages", babies out of wedlock, are all grist to the mill. And the less shocked you look, the more "in fashion" are you considered. But, where will it end and, will it end? Yes, of course. History has proved that the pendulum always swings back. . .

2nd prize

OPERATION WHITEWASH

Talk of the image of women in our Hindi films! Lately, much has been said on the subject, and some attempts have been made to portray a different image. Some producers have taken up bold themes; but only to develop cold feet midway. Take "Doosra Aadmi"— it sets out to be different, but cannot resist the temptation of giving a coat of whitewash to the heroine's actions, behaviour and character. The "doosra-aadmi" is (or is made out to be) not really "doosra" but a replica (at least to the heroine), of her legitimate fiance, now deceased.

"Karm" purports to focus on couples who opt to live together, without marriage, but the maker brings in astrology, palmistry and "compelling circumstances" in order to protect the "virtuous" image of the hero and, particularly, the heroine. The depiction of their life together is handled in such a way, that it succeeds in making them look even more married than the married! One would think, that a girl (even a Shastriji's daughter) who can, with impunity, have a love-affair with a boy of her own choice and, ultimately, live with him without the sanction of marriage would not be so daunted by astrological predictions and 'unmatching' horoscopes. So, you see, strictly speaking, there is no real deviation from the standard image. No matter what, the central core of an Indian woman must remain the same: docile and brainless!

Kamlesh Vaid, Nasik

These cinematic cold feet are very common and a constant source of irritation to the discerning viewer and thinker. The film industry lives and thrives on compromises — in its business dealings and its celluloid scenarios. The guts, to see a problem through to its true, albeit unpleasant conclusion, are absent.

3rd prize

UNFAIR DEAL

On the basis of marks secured in the S.S.C. examination I was entitled to a scholarship for the first two years of my college education.

I naurally felt most indignant when I was informed that I would have to forfeit the amount and settle for a prize of Rs. 100 and a merit certificate—the reason for the withdrawal of scholarship being that my father's income is above Rs. 500 per month. I fail to see the connection between my scholastic efforts and performance and my father's income. Since the scholarship is awarded for merit why, then, is it withdrawn because of financial considerations? Scholarships for poor and needy students are a different matter altogether.

Then again I wonder if according to the board of education Rs. 500, or more per month is considered a very lucrative salary, in present times. I cannot think of any student who would not be happy to get a reward for her efforts; it would give a sense of achievement and could be put to good use in furthering education which is what scholarships are about in the first place. I feel this matter requires reconsideration as it strikes me as totally unfair to industrious students and utterly outdated in the bargain.

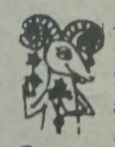
Miss Afshan Khan, Hyderabad

If, as you say, your scholarship was not tied up with help to poor students, then, yes, depriving you of it was unfair and unjust. A really rich student could afford to let the scholarship go, but the same cannot be said for many others who may not exactly be in the "poor" category.

this wee for you

K. H. Shroff

From January 28 to February 3



ARIES : (March 21 — April 19) Favourable for making contacts through socialising, for travel and outdoor games. Avoid water sports. Favourable days: 2, 3.

TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) Avoid money arrangements and investments which bind you only. Caution in travel. Favourable days : 28, 29.

GEMINI : (May 22 — June 21) Very auspicious time for new ventures. Success and promotion promised. Favourable days : All days.

CANCER : (June 22 — July 22) Disharmony and disputes in controversial issues and in new partnerships, but unexpected money gains and recovery. Favourable days : 31, 1.

LEO : (July 23 — August 23) Social life and friendships expand, possibly money luck. Likely misunderstanding and dejection in heart matters. Favourable days : 2, 3.

VIRGO : (August 24 — Sept. 22) Favourable for correspondence, travel. You contact strangers, this proves beneficial materially and in mental rapport. Favourable days : All days.

LIBRA : (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Inspiring cosmic rays will help project artists' personality according to horoscope. Auspicious for love affairs and marriage. Favourable days : All days.

SCORPIO : (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) Martial and unconventional planets in harmony, but obstruction from Saturn. Be cautious because defeat or success depends on birth chart. Favourable days : 28, 29.

SAGITTARIUS : (Nov. 23—Dec. 21) Short trips and long journeys bring pleasure, profit and self-confidence. Optimism prevails to try harder for achieving ambition and success. Favourable days : All days.

CAPRICORN : (Dec 22 — Jan. 19) Ruling planet Saturn puts obstacles and delays for a short while, but opportunity to reconsider your future plans. Postpone firm decisions for the week. Favourable days : 1, 2.

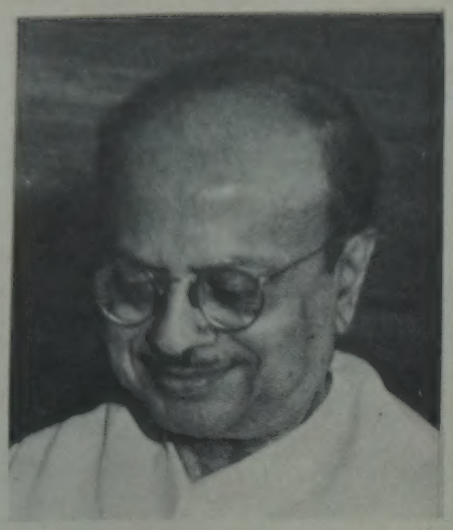
AQUARIUS : (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Most encouraging period for your intellectual, spiritual and creative faculties. Make the most of cosmic rays for advancement of ideals. Favourable days : All days.

PISCES : (Feb. 20 — March 20) Remember, health is wealth. Do not make investments. Better opportunities are forthcoming. Overseas news stimulating. Favourable days : 31, 1.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

PRATAP C. CHUNDER

Union Minister for Education and Social Welfare



For years politicians have been informing us that the problem with our educational system is that it has little contact with life in our country.

Yet, in spite of the apparent awareness and concern on the part of the political leaders of the country, the system has not changed appreciably even since Independence. What's more, education has continued — in practical terms — to be low on the priority list of the government so far. So much so that in the 1976 budget allocations, the amount granted for education was cut by an astounding 420 crores.

Turning to the future, what does the Janata Party, brought to power by the enthusiasm and hopeful trust of the masses, plan to do to remedy the situation?

In an exclusive interview with Eve's Weekly, the Union Minister for Education and Social Welfare, Dr. P. C. Chunder, said that the Janata Government had increased the budget allocation for education by 46 crores.

Admitting the inadequacy of even this increase, he pointed out that it was a beginning and said he expected a substantial increase in funds for education in the rolling plan, which is in the process of being formulated. There is, he said, a definite change in priorities and the Janata Government has been trying to impress upon the Planning Commission the urgent need for funds in fields such as education and social welfare.

Referring to a recent statement he made in Parliament, Dr. Chunder outlined the three aspects of education to which the present government gives particular importance: adult education, universalisation of primary education and non-formal education for drop-outs.

ADULT EDUCATION

The target for the proposed adult education programme is ambitious enough : ten crores between the ages of 15 and 35 to be educated in five years.

"It is a big challenge," said Dr. Chunder, "and to meet it, mere bureaucracy will not be sufficient. We will have to involve different sections of the people. It must assume the proportions of a national movement. We are contacting not only the state governments, but also political parties, industries, trade unions, teachers and voluntary agencies.

"At the UNESCO meeting in Persepolis it was stated that no adult literacy programme can be successful without political will. As the Janata Party," said Dr. Chunder, "we have that will. The party has decided to set up a literacy army, involving young people belonging to our party. But we want this to be above party politics . . ."

The problems are massive.

In a country with 1600 major mother tongues, planning and preparing for adult education in mother tongues is no mean task. The expenses involved are tremendous and we lack some of the basic raw materials, such as paper. (According to Dr. Chunder, we barely have enough for textbooks.) He said, however, that he has appealed to foreign dignitaries who have visited him for help in this area and that they have, on the whole, been sympathetic. Then, literacy has to be made attractive for adults, to motivate them to learn. Primers and other materials, for example, have to be specially prepared so that they are attractive and useful. Then again, only a basic formula can be evolved — the programme will have to be modified in different parts of the country to suit the conditions and needs of each place.

An interesting idea that emerged was the proposed use of vernacular newspapers and periodicals to provide follow-up materials for neo-literates. If they would agree to devote a part of their space to publish material for neo-literates in the local languages, said Dr. Chunder, it would create an incentive for them to study further. At the same time, expenditure on paper and printing would be saved and the problem of distribution would also be solved, as the papers already have their own distribution networks. In the long run, said Dr. Chunder, this plan would help the newspapers and periodicals themselves — with the creation of a larger reading public, their circulations would automatically rise.

"This is not an absurd proposition," said Dr. Chunder. "In Kerala, which has the highest literacy rate in the country, Malayalam papers have a very high circulation."

For the implementation of the adult education programme, the plan is, according to Dr. Chunder, to involve, as far as possible, all literate people in the country, especially students in higher classes and universities, National Social Service groups, educated village youth, pensioners, organizations involved in labour education, etc.

The University Grants Commission, said Dr. Chunder, is considering the incorporation of active participation in the adult education programme into the regular curricular system as a prerequisite for graduation.

It is proposed to involve students from the villages in work in their own areas, especially during the holidays. This would not only reduce unnecessary expenses but also contribute to effectiveness as the educated village youth would have a proper understanding of the problems and the right psychological approach to the elders of the villages.

Similarly, said Dr. Chunder, city dwelling youth will work in the slum areas of the cities and in areas with a concentration of labour, so that it would be a part of their daily work.

According to Dr. Chunder, incentives will be offered to both students and teachers who actively participate and succeed in their objectives.

Identifying some special areas that will require special attention and approaches within the context of adult education, Dr. Chunder spoke of spreading literacy among labour, in tribal areas and, last but not least, among women.

Needless to say, special efforts to promote literacy among women is vital to any adult literacy programme. It has been said that when you educate a man you educate one person, whereas, when you educate a woman you educate a whole family. At present, the percentage of literate women is far lower than that of literate men.

PRIMARY EDUCATION

While our constitution asserts the right of every Indian to education, and while compulsory education is supposed to keep every Indian child in school till a certain age at least, it is no secret that millions of Indian children go without education — both because of lack of opportunity (not enough schools) and because of economic necessity (the need to earn their living).

"Up till now," said Dr. Chunder, "primary education has received only 32 per cent of the allocations in the total educational plan outlay. I think at least 50 per cent should now be set aside for primary education. Ten per cent can be reserved for adult education, giving the two programmes together 60 per cent of the total outlay.

"This does not mean we are reducing the importance of higher education, but in the past years crores of rupees have been spent on higher education. For five years, let us go all out for elementary education," said Dr. Chunder.

It is proposed that the subjects taught at the primary level will be the mother tongue, environmental studies and some maths, with the school hours reduced to two and a half to three hours from the present five to six hours. According to Dr. Chunder this would make it possible for the schools to double their intake of students.

An interesting aspect of the proposed primary education programme will be the introduction of what is called "socially useful productive work." The plan is to attack at the roots an oft-mentioned problem — the alienation of educated people from society, one of the causes of the rush into the cities from the villages.

"From class one onwards," said Dr. Chunder, "20 per cent of school work will be devoted to socially useful productive work — planting trees and looking after them and in the village areas, looking after cows and poultry; higher up, training in small trades and crafts such as weaving etc. The purpose is to train them from the beginning to work with their hands."

The same principle would apply in colleges also, said Dr. Chunder. In fact, a committee has already been set up to modify the + 2 stage of the present educational system so that more students would take up vocational subjects.

NON-FORMAL EDUCATION

The drop-out rate in Indian schools is alarming. Unlike the situation in many of the developed countries, the reasons here are, more often than not, econo-

Continued on page

THE STATE OF OUR EDUCATION

Nilan Karnik

Mere reform cannot help our education system. Its basic structure needs to be changed

The answer to why our education system is so rotten lies in its origin — more than a century ago. Having established themselves as rulers, the British wanted a means by which to consolidate their rule, to strike a base among Indians. Lord Macaulay spoke of introducing Englisn education in India — to "create a class of Indians English in taste, in opinion, in morals and in intellect, who would be interpreters between us and the millions whom we govern." The British wanted a class of mediators, who would be not only a cheap bureaucracy, but also a class of Indians whose loyalties would lie totally with their foreign masters, not with their own people.

The very fact that today the same education exists—the difference being only one of degree — gives the lie to all the democratic pretensions of all our policy-makers — of any political party. To mould the minds of new generations of a supposedly free, democratic, developing country with the education introduced by her colonial masters with their exploiters' motives, is sufficient indication of the motives of our 'independent' and 'socialist' ruling classes.

No wonder then that our education remains as elitist as it was intended to be. Education in a democracy should mean what our constitution says: "universal elementary education for everyone in the the age group six-14." The aim of this would be the meaningful participation of all Indians in building their futures and that of their country. This was to be achieved by 1960.

While the number of primary schools doubled from 1947 to 1969, and 80 per cent of the relevant age group attend primary school today, most of them don't study beyond the IVth standard. Only 34.2 per cent attend middle school, while those who make it to secondary school are a mere 20.7 per cent. The select few who can afford higher education are just 3.2 per cent of the relevant age group! (Source: IVth five-year plan.)

The growth of population is not the cause for these declining percentages, nor does the solution lie in opening more schools. An NCERT conducted survey in UP (applicable to all of India) revealed that the causes for dropping out are primarily poverty — the need for children to work and increase the family income, and secondly, the distance of school from home. (These apply mainly to rural areas where 75 per cent of us still live.) It is poverty which makes the child be looked upon as a source of income rather than as a growing individual whose potential needs to be developed to its utmost.

The government, however, does not feel that children should be educated at any cost, even by substituting for the child's usefulness to the family (this would involve raising the rural standard of living) and by heavily subsidizing primary education, making it free and compulsory. Although only a fraction — 3.2 per cent — are privileged enough to go to college, the major proportion of governmental educational expenditure goes to subsidize higher education. The per capita expenditure for IIT students is Rs. 4,200, for higher education is Rs. 225, for secondary education Rs. 52, and last and the least, for primary education — Rs. 19. The allotment to primary education in the budget decreased from 75.5 per cent of total expenditure on education in 1951 to 67.4 per cent in 1966, with that of higher education having increased in the same period from 24.5 per cent to 32.5 per cent. And, while as mentioned above, the number of primary schools doubled between 1947 and '69, the number of middle schools increased more than six-fold, and that of secondary schools and universities five-fold.

If primary education is at a disadvantage when compared to higher, education itself is low on the government's priority list, despite the constant repetitions of universal literacy being our goal. The present literacy rate is 29.3 per cent (1971). The literacy rate is much lower for women — only 18.44 per cent — as is the dropout rate for girls.

While most Western countries spend not less than five per cent of their national income on education, India spends only 2.9 per cent. The expenditure on education in the first five-year plan, in relation to the total plan outlay, was 7.6 per cent; in the fifth, it fell to 4.6. In 1976, it underwent a cut of Rs. 420 crores of which almost 50 per cent was in the field of primary education.

In the Economic and Political Weekly of June 1972, A. R. Kamat described the imposition of an alien education in a foreign language; the teaching of British knowledge and thought in India, where the conditions did not exist to use such knowledge fruifully, thus:

"About 20 per cent of the students in colleges were training for the professions like law, medicine, engineering etc., while most of the others were pursuing an arts degree. Most of the secondary education was non-vocational, which in any case suited the conditions of industrial backwardness forced on the country by its masters."

Describing the situation in 1972, he said, ". . .literacy is much more in evidence among the affluent and socially advanced sections of society than among the poorer and more backward sections. In terms of caste, the traditionally advanced castes, like the Brahmins, are almost all literate and have progressed much further in higher education; the 'middle' castes have registered significant educational progress; but the scheduled castes and tribes and other backward sections of the population are lagging considerably behind. . ."

In the urban, industrialised regions of India, higher education is essential for a decent livelihood. Yet, only 3.2 per cent of the youth get the opportunity to acquire higher education. The average Indian youngster, also a bread winner, has neither the time nor the money to study. Only the relatively rich can afford to spend four to six years in the pursuit of higher education. For these years are, in the main, economically unproductive.

A survey conducted recently shows that 87.2 per cent of the students at the I.I.T.s and other technical institutes come from urban areas. 58.7 per cent of the students have parents whose incomes are more than Rs. 500 per month. Only 6.9 per cent belong to families with an income less than Rs. 140 per month. And in the past few years new schemes in education such as the introduction of the 10+2+3 system and granting autonomy to colleges have sought to maintain and promote the elite bias aready present in our system of education.

WHO CONTROLS EDUCATION?

Though the Government is the largest single financier our educational institutions are run by private agencies in the main.

According to NCERT's 2nd All India Education Survey, 51 per cent of the students in the urban areas at the secondary school level attend private schools. Even in the rural areas private schools account for 41 per cent of the enrolment of students. At the University level the number of privately run colleges is high. Of the 141 institutions of the Bombay University, 75 are privately owned.

After Independence, a large number of educational institutions were established either wholly or in part with the help of funds from or in collaboration with foreign agencies. Some of these are: The Indian Institute of Public Administration, The Centre for the Study of Developing Societies, The IIMs at Calcutta and Ahmedabad, The Indian In-

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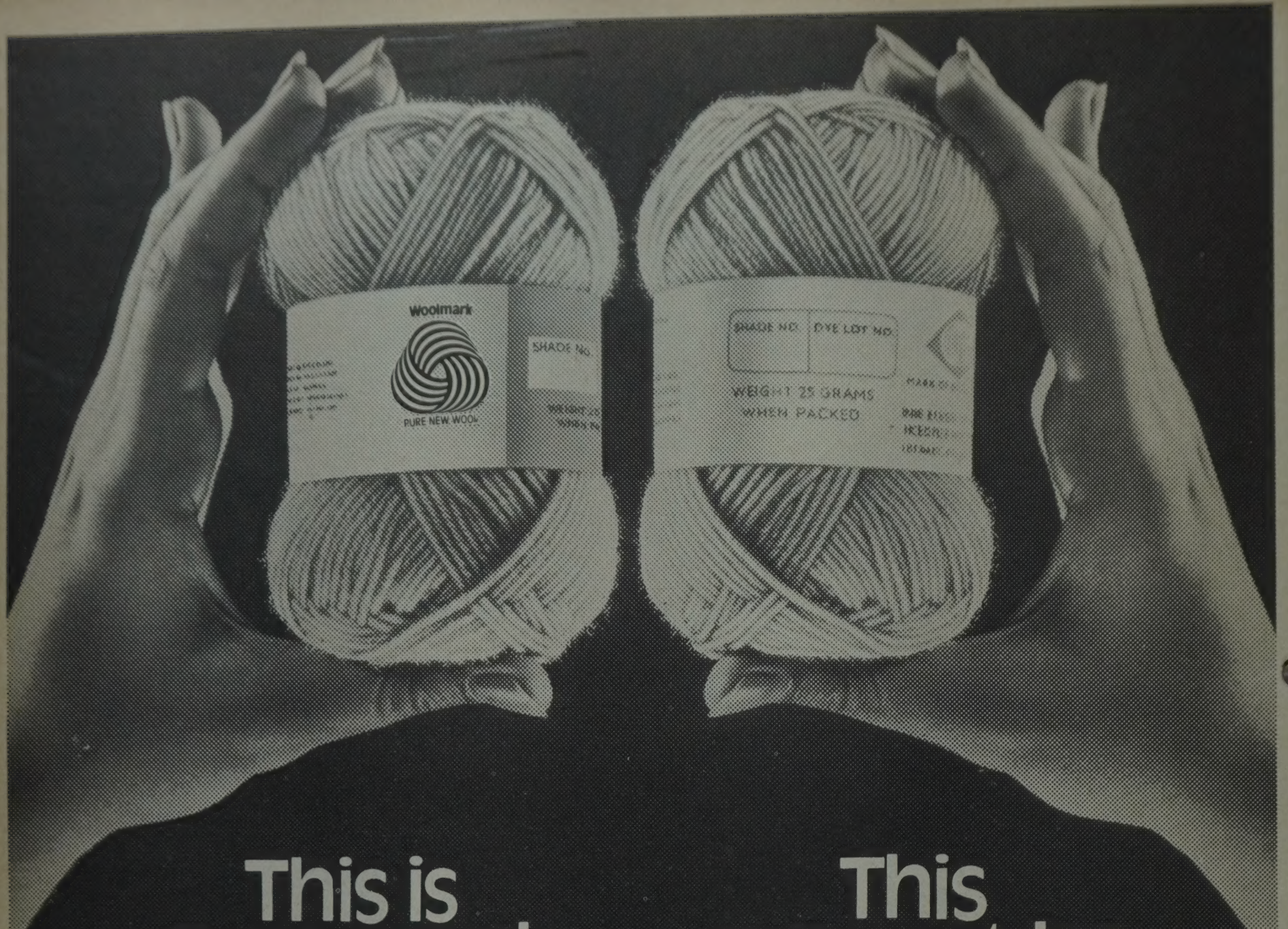

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WHAT STUDENTS THINK OF THE SYSTEM

Oswald R. Pereira

What do students think of education in Bombay colleges?

Do they think it's worthwhile?

Has the 10 + 2 + 3 structure made any significant change in the system of education? Are students satisfied with the courses undertaken in college?

A majority of the students interviewed were sceptical about the intrinsic worth of a degree, about the value of arts, science and commerce courses.

Rabindra Hazari, a Junior B.A. student of St. Xavier's College said: "Our educationists scratch the surface and they say we've come to the core of the problem. They confuse change without planning, for progress; hence the haste to introduce the 10 + 2 + 3 without having done solid homework, without having bothered to check its feasibility — structural, administrative, academic, financial."

Sujata Powar, an outspoken student in her First Year Junior College (FYJC) at K. G. Joshi College, Thane, said: "Graduates could at least hope for jobs as junior clerks. What can they do after the + 2 stage? Take up jobs as petty clerks or peons? Added to this is the disadvantage of choosing your course one year earlier at the 10 + stage. At least in the 10 + 2 + 3 system they should have done away with the rigidity of choosing a number of compulsory subjects. I don't see why students should be asked to choose from a limited number of subjects. Why make water-tight compartments of arts, science and commerce? The + 2 stage should be more flexible."

About 30 per cent of the students interviewed liked the new course because it included subjects like mass communications. Though only the basics of these subjects are taught, they find them interesting and believe that they would be useful in careers. The average student had his pet grouse of an overloaded syllabus — the "tough" new course, he labelled it.

Student-professor communication

Even students of the so-called elitist colleges complained about the professors' inaccessibility and the lack of rapport between teachers and students. This is what some of the students — who prefer to remain anonymous — had to say: "I'll never have a personal 'thing' with my teachers," said S. D., Inter Arts, Siddharta College. "Most of our professors have been educated in the vernacular. Their knowledge of the subjects is sound and their teaching is not bad, but they are boors as persons," said A.R., of Elphinstone College. "I look upon my professors with benign contempt," said S.P., S.I. E.S. College.

However, curt and confident Vijay Kumar doing his Inter Arts at R.A. Podar College of Economics and Commerce, said: "I can tune to the wave length of my professors. I am an earner-learner and, perhaps, that gives me the confidence to speak to my professors on a man-to-man basis."

Teachers' troubles

"In economics we learn, in the very first year, that a hungry labourer produces negligible amounts of goods and services. Aren't the authorities aware of this basic economic law? Why do they underpay their teaching staff?" asked Vijay Kumar of R.A. Podar College of Commerce and Economics.

"If a signature campaign were held I'd sign on the dotted line, supporting the teachers' demands," said Ashish Rajadhyaksha, a senior B.Sc. student of Elphinstone College. Many other students called for a signature campaign in support of the teachers' demands.

College courses and Careers

"You must be joking, luv. I've taken political science for my B.A. I don't see how this subject could help me to secure a job. So I'll specialise, naturally," said Sanobar Aspandiar, doing her senior B.A. at Elphinstone College.

Rabindra Hazari of St. Xavier's said: "At the graduate level the courses are marginally relevant but mostly irrelevant. While at the post graduate level, the courses are partly relevant and wholly irrelevant at the same time. You'd say I've got my syllogisms mixed. But so much for our confused state of education. I intend studying law and I'll face the music of irrelevancy by being irreverent. Never mind my verbosity, it's part of the cardboard padding I've received — they call it education."

Fifty per cent of the students I interviewed wanted to become lawyers, 20 per cent journalists, 10 per cent advertisers, 10 per cent managers, five per cent were interested in business and five per cent were interested in pursuing jobs like guides, hostesses, caterers.

Vocational Guidance

Barely three colleges in Bombay can boast of vocational guidance facilities. But vocational guidance without proper vocationalisation of education is useless. Our courses need to be practically oriented. This is not to imply that there are no professional courses like engineering, medicine etc. But considering that the entrance tests for these courses are so difficult, they at best cater to the bright students alone. The average student is still left in the lurch.

If you ask the average student why he has taken arts, science or commerce, he flounders with his answers, which are vague and unconvincing, and one gets the impression that he does not really know what he wants, that he was not guided properly. For example, a student takes Economics with the belief that it's ideal for management courses or that he would end up becoming a bank manager. A student takes English thinking that it is the best subject for a highly cultured individual and that with verbal superiority he will get the better of his colleagues. He soon realises how irrelevant the language courses are.

Ashish Rajadhyaksha of Elphinstone College has Statistics as his major subject. It was only after he had chosen this subject that he discovered his journalistic talent.

The medium of instruction

Will changing the medium of instruction help students to think better, since it is believed that a person can think, calculate, comprehend best in his mother tongue? On this issue the students were divided, though the current is in favour of English as the medium of instruction. Suprisingly, many students who have been taught in vernacular medium schools want English to be retained. For example, Scharada Dubey of Xavier's who studied through the Hindi medium and is equally proficient in both Hindi and English, prefers English. So also, Mukund B. Mane of Siddharta College who was instructed in the Marathi medium at school. However, Ashish Rajadhyaksha, who went to an English medium school says, "Marathi will ultimately have to become the medium of instruction in Bombay colleges. The English language creates a class of its own with its intrinsic elitism."

Student freedom and educational proficiency

The freedom to form associations and unions is necessary for students to find expression for their creativity and social skills. The unhealthy functioning of these would have widespread repercussions on the student's personality. The colleges that I surveyed did have associations and Student Union Councils through which the students could negotiate with the management in matters directly affecting their welfare and freedom. But almost in all the colleges students felt that they were not really free.

Sanobar Aspandiar, Chairman, Hamill Sabha, Elphinstone College's Students' Union Council, put it succinctly when she said: "The controls are subtle, the management policy is inconsistent and unfathomable. Somewhere along the line we have been stifled; it's difficult to say where."

St. Xavier's College, Bombay, famous for its successful freedom of expression movement in 1971, rages with student revolt today.

St. Xavier's College, is the only college in Bombay which debars outsiders (ex-students included), from entering the college. A clerk and a peon faithfully guard the entrance.

Corruption in the University

It may appear that corruption in the University or in colleges has no direct bearing on education. But in the long run the rottenness of corruption does spread, vitiating the entire system.

To solve this problem of corruption, Sridhar Srinivasan of Elphinstone College, calls for a democratic structure in the University. "The bureaucracy should be subservient to the teachers and students who should share in decisions taken by the authorities. I don't see why this would not be practicable for India when universities in West Germany and elsewhere have succeeded in this type of democratic functioning."

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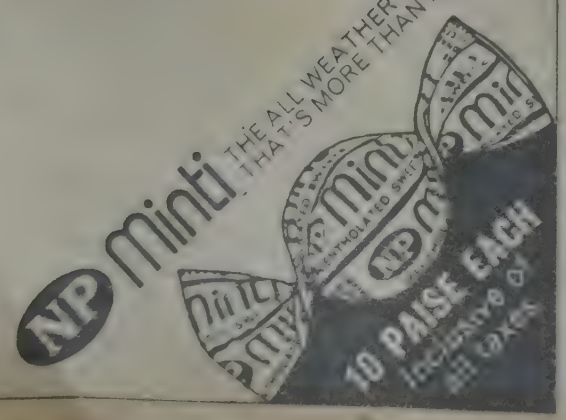

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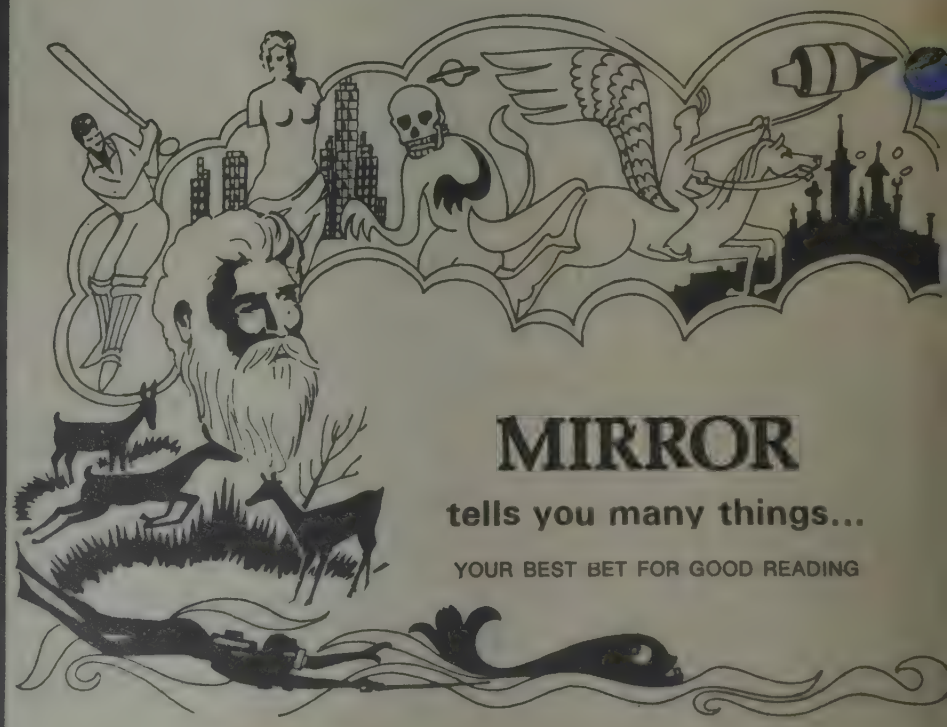

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LAILAN YOUNG JOURNALIST WITH MANY INTERESTS

Jyotsana Kapoor

Vivacious and witty Lailan Young, a well known journalist from London and a much admired after-dinner speaker, was in New Delhi recently on a short visit. She was on her way to Nepal as she had been commissioned to write articles on people living in the hills. One reason for her stay in India was to collect material for the lectures she is preparing on "Secrets of health, happiness and long life" from around the world. "I could not have prepared these lectures without visiting this country as I think India is a very happy country. And I think it derives its strength and happiness from a strong family feeling and a kind of rare closeness found among the various members of an average Indian family," said Lailan.

Lailan Young is a Chinese, born in Australia and educated in Australia and Paris. She is married to Robin Young of "The Times" and "The Spectator". Her immense wit, charm and humour have been praised by scores of dinner and luncheon clubs, lecture societies, schools, universities, libraries and women's organisations all over the United Kingdom. As a journalist, she has worked for B.B.C., French Radio and TV and has had opportunity to interview some well known personalities like Prince Phillip, Gregory Peck, the astronauts, French couturiers and some other famous people.

She has travelled around the world six times and has been invited by the governments of Japan, Australia and Iran to visit their countries. This is her fourth visit to India.

"I find Indians remarkably fascinating and I am specially attached to Calcutta. I have a kind of affinity for Bengalis. I love their spirit of creativity and I think they are very artistic people. I have also met Satyajit Ray and have a great admiration for that man. Foreigners admire him and his films more than Indians, as he depicts real Indian life. His treatment of peasant life is so foreign to all of us who live in industrial towns. His films bring us a message of life, of people living close to mother earth. It touches our heart."

Lailan who has had a chance of visiting some villages near Calcutta says, "Bengalis are very proud of their language and culture. I find this quality in them very fascinating."

Tall and shapely Lailan has also been a model and has modelled for such famous names in the world of fashion as Pierre Cardin and Christian Dior. But she gave up modelling to become a journalist as she found the life of an intellectual more interesting than the glamour of modelling and she is happier in her present situation. "I love travelling and meeting people. And I learn a lot by just observing and listening. It is amazing how many clues one can get about a country by just watching its people."

Lailan says that she is one of the rare women in U.K. to give after-dinner speeches. "There are very few such women in U.K. My speeches are not academic, as people at such get-togethers want to be informed about various subjects in a stylish and amusing

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Jennifer Vaz

Is the 10 + 2 + 3 scheme only a cosmetic effort to hide the ugly reality of our educational system?

Once again the educational department has made blunders in its calculations and the 10 + 2 + 3 system, which should have added up to an ideal educational pattern, adds up instead to chaos and frustration.

What are the problems faced by the principals of S.S.C. schools?

With the instability of the educational system, the role of a high school principal is not an easy one. As one principal bluntly put it, "I wish I could resign this very minute; it's because of my duty towards my students that I continue as principal. A change of hands at such a critical moment, when there is already a lot of confusion, would only make matters worse."

The biggest headache that SSC school principals and teachers have to face is that of coping with the vast 10th standard syllabus, which they claim is "good but over-ambitious," and, as a result, has many drawbacks. It has not considered the weaker or even the average student. All students have to be proficient in three languages, two of which, or some time all three, are definitely not their mother tongue.

Students are expected to be proficient in Maths and/or Science as well, because all six subjects are compulsory for passing. The Maths and Science syllabus is heavy, too specialised, and not suited to the age and intelligence of the students. A General Science course would be better dealt with by both teachers and students.

Further, the optional subjects like Work Experiences, Social Service, etc. are taught by teachers who have little or no training nor the inclination to teach those subjects. In order to fulfil the minimum quantum of periods they are expected to teach, they are given the subjects.

This overloaded syllabus and lack of enthusiasm affect everyone from the principal down to the students. The principal nags the teachers to finish the syllabus, teachers rush through the matter, while students depend on luck and selective study. When the exams approach, they turn to the easiest method of passing, i.e. cheating—and so the examination system suffers as well.

Why are S. S. C. school principals reluctant to have the 11th and 12th standards in their schools?

The answer is simple — very few schools are equipped for the 11th and 12th standards, in terms of qualified personnel and facilities, especially for the science stream, where a well-equipped laboratory is essential. The major drawback that these schools faced in the last two years was that they were asked to take up the 11th and 12th without sufficient notice.

"I was told late in March, tentatively, that I should start the 11th standard in June," says one annoyed principal. "I was not prepared, because I had not been given sufficient notice, not warned earlier, that I might be expected to do so. The result was that I had to take it on with hasty and inadequate preparation. Furthermore, I was given no guarantee that the Education Department would recognize the 11th standard if it fell short of certain requirements, for though promises of relaxation of rules were made, they were not kept."

All principals are faced with problems of poor administration by the Education Department. To quote an example, "Notices regarding the changes of time tables and the inclusion of additional periods" emanated from the director's office in Pune on June 6, was circulated by the Deputy Director's office on June 10, and reached the schools on June 13, the opening day of the schools! Furthermore, it required immediate implementation. Such administration upsets schedules, creates uncertainty and is detrimental to school administration.

The major consideration, however, is financial. The schools do not have sufficient money to run an extra class. "It is the Finance Department that seems to be running the education of our country," remarks one principal.

What is the plight of the I.C.S.C. schools?

Most of the ICSC schools had already started their 11th and 12th standards about two years before, and things were running smoothly when, suddenly and as late as mid-May, the Education Department sent notices to them stating that certain colleges would have the 11th standards as well as the 12th. The result was a mass exodus and the best students went away. The schools were left with a few students who hadn't got admission to the colleges. Gradually they also left, leaving the principal with an 11th standard consisting of about five students and a 12th of even less. The principals had no choice but to close down their 11th and 12th standards.

The result of this was that they were faced with the hostile parents of those students who had not got admission into any college. They failed to understand that it was impossible, impractical and uneconomical to run a a school in which there were only five or six students in a class. The principals were blamed for the confusion, called "money makers," interested only in themselves and not in their students. All this gave rise to unhealthy and unpleasant rumours which affected the schools in many ways.

These parents failed to realize the plight of the principals who, though deeply interested in their students, could do nothing to help them, because it was economically difficult to do so. Closing down the 11th standard, the principals were faced with another problem — surplus staff whose services they could not terminate because most of them were senior teachers and permanent.

Are the 11th and 12th standards serving any useful purpose?

When the Educational Department planned this new educational pattern, the ideal of the +2 stage was that it should serve as a transition between school and college. It was to be a unit by itself, where the teaching pattern was to be both of the tutorial type and the lecture type, thereby gradually introducing students to the college style of education.

According to school teachers and principals, this transitional stage does not serve this purpose today. In most schools, children are spoon-fed and in the colleges they are made to group up suddenly, thrown into a new way of teaching — the lecture style.

School authorities feel that if the 11th and 12th standards are to serve the purpose of a transitional period, then one has to treat them as a completely independent unit. If they are a part of a school, where students are expected to follow the strict discipline maintained in schools, they are going to result in being treated like "kids." On the other hand, one cannot enforce a completely new set of rules just for the 11th and 12th standards as this will create problems in school discipline and resentment among college students. Thus the problem of discipline affects both schools and college authorities. So, though they are in favour of having this "transitional" stage, they are not happy with the way in which it is being carried out.

Views of college principals and lecturers

While school authorities feel that students are immature for college at the age of 15 or 16, college authorities feel that the students of today are more mature than students ten years ago and so, even at the young age of 15, they are mature enough for college.

It is according to them the parents who create the problems. They keep harping on the fact that their children are too young to be in college. The child thus develops a complex and his intellectual growth is automatically stunted. He resents being treated like a child and tries to prove his maturity by defying all authority. It is then that they become "problem kids." Another complaint is that these parents expect their children to get the individual attention they get in schools, they want monthly report cards, they want their children kept busy all day; they want each lecturer to be aware of the presence or absence of their child — and so the demands go on, and the authorities have to cope not only with problem kids but also with problem parents!

What do parents feel about all this?

Most parents feel that their children are too young for college at the age of 15. They have heard of the evils of college life — extravagance, drug addiction, alcoholism, etc. The result is that they are afraid for their children and their fear is instilled in the child. Parents are afraid because they are aware that the best two years in school (the ninth and tenth standards) were spent coping with the curriculum that was heavy, time consuming and burdensome for children of their age. The sudden freedom they experience in college, they feel, tends to make children treat life lightly and relax after the strict life in school.

During the last two years, a student's life was unstable, with one foot in school and one foot in college. No one was certain whether schools or colleges would have the 11th and 12th. This confusion led to the weakening of the academic progress of the child. No child can afford insecurity in education today, yet he is surrounded by confusion and differences of opinion in almost all sections of learning.

"I do feel," says one parent, "that personalized education provides the child with a stronger basis so that any change of syllabus can be easily coped with. It yet remains to be proved whether this change in the pattern of education has led to an improvement in the educational system."

How has this affected the students of today?

Students have become old overnight. They have to fend for admission themselves. They run from college to college. They are exposed to the underhand means which are inevitable in the world of today. They are placed in a world where the demand is great but the supply is limited because there are too many students and too few colleges. Students are suddenly thrown into an adult world of corruption and this makes them cynical and disillusioned. They lose confidence in the integrity of their elders because of the corruption they are suddenly faced with.

What changes would school and college authorities like to see?

One of the aims of the new educational pattern was to enable students who did not have an aptitude for further studies to pursue some technical line for which they had an aptitude. Today, however, with all the stress still on the academic side, the overall personality of a student is not considered and good grades are required even for the pursuit of technical studies. Better planning from the government's side with emphasis on both curricular and co-curricular activities, would be of great help in changing our attitudes and in making us realize the true value of education.

No reform should be introduced without adequate and scientific testing, for these hasty measures only ruin education. Education should not be left to politicians. Institutes of education should formulate plans and propose them to the government for implementation, for boards of education, though involved with education, are not as devoted to the cause of education as institutes of education. Only when education is placed in the hands of educationists will there be any scope for improvement.

The 10+2+3 system, if well carried out, is something that will improve education, but to achieve its ideal form it should not be placed in the hands of economists, but principals, professors, teachers, who should be given a fair say in its handling. Only then will we able to achieve something definite and positive.

Indeed, the 10+2+3 system has only resulted in problems, chaos and frustration. Students are emotionally upset and insecure, parents are fed up, disgusted and in despair and school and college authorities feel that it is the worst time to be involved with education.

To coin a phrase...

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APPLE JUICE

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

world of laughter

The stranded skier had been lying in the snow for five days before the St. Bernard rescue dog strolled up to him.

"What sort of a rescue dog are you?" cried the skier angrily. "You take five days to reach me and you stroll casually up as though there were no hurry at all."

The dog looked at him with glassy eyes, an empty barrel dangling from its neck.

"I've a confession to make," it hiccupped. "I drink too much . . ."

* * *

Two snails were crawling up an old newspaper, when suddenly one of them raced ahead like greased lightning. When the second snail finally caught up with his companion he asked, "Why did you shoot off like that?"

"Because I came to a section which said, 'Tear along dotted line,'" explained the other snail.

* * *

Then there was the glamorous mink who was asked by her rich boy friend what she would like for a birthday present. She asked for a chorus-girl coat.

* * *

The next-door neighbour came round to complain that Fred's dog was spraying his prize delphiniums.

"Oh, that's all right," said Fred. "I put plant food in his drinking water."

Hear about the sad death of the firefly?

It tried to make love to a cigarette end.

* * *

Two chickens were passing the church and noticed the inscription on the foundation stone.

"The mayoress must have had quite a job laying that," observed one of the chickens, with a shudder.

* * *

After leaping around in extreme pain for several minutes, the mother kangaroo finally cooled down enough to admonish her errant offspring.

"Elmer, how many more times must I tell you not to smoke in bed?'

* * *

A well-known snob and show-off was showing friends his new piano, and went out of his way to point out that the keys were made of real ivory. One sceptical friend asked why they were so yellowed and discoloured.

"Oh," replied the snob, "the elephant was a heavy smoker."

* * *

Then there was the germ whose friends avoided him because he'd caught a dose of penicillin.

* * *

The newlyweds from the city were spending their honeymoon at the seaside. As they walked along the pier, a passing seagull dropped his compliments on to the bride's dress.

"Quick," she shrieked, "get a piece of paper."

The husband looked up into the sky.

"It's no good," he said. "It's miles away by now."

* * *

There was a young piglet called Clyde

Who ate sour apples and died.

The apples fermented
Inside the lamented,
Making cider inside its inside.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

LOVE IS THE CURE

Padma Shandas

Ramu jumped over the wooden gate, threw his school-bag towards the rope-woven cot lying on the verandah and walked to the well behind the house. He slipped the bucket down into the well. Pulling the heavy bucket up, he felt suddenly very weak. Slowly, he managed to bring the bucket up. He washed his hands and legs, and drank a few mouthfuls of refreshing water.

A slight shiver passed through his body. He felt feverish. He wanted to drink a glass of hot milk and lie down covered with a warm blanket! Suddenly he was very hungry. He thought about the exhausting day he had had at school. The P.T. Master had made him go round the school four times for his mistakes. The Math.s master, too, had got very annoyed with him. "What is the matter with you, Ramu? Are you not well? You never used to make so many mistakes," he had shouted. Ramu could not answer. He only knew that he was feeling tired. A slight pain in the chest kept bothering him. He remembered how the Math.s teacher used to show his book to the whole class and say, "Look boys! This is how you have to do the sum. See how clear, how neat this is!" Ramu bit his lips to keep himself from crying.

"Ramu, Come inside. What are you doing? Don't go and drink that cold water!" Ramu woke up from his reverie with a start. Oh, his evening chores were going to begin, he mused. Mother would have kept milk in various vessels to be supplied to the customers. It was his duty to carry them to all the houses. Each vessel had to be identified and given to the correct person. After the milk rounds, his next job would be to clean the stable. This he really disliked. The mess the cow and her little calf would have made in it! Then he had to take the cow for her daily scrub in the nearby stream. While the cow grazed in the green bank after her bath, Ramu could splash around in the water for sometime. Then he would go to the market. He did not know why his mother gave him a written list, since the items to be purchased were the same every day: 25 grams coffee powder, half-a-litre of kerosene, 50 grams jaggery, a little coconut oil, half-a-kilo of tapioca and fish for 50 paise. He could almost recite the list. By the time he returned from the two-mile trip, he would be as hungry as a lion.

But today he just did not want to do anything. He went inside, expecting a shower of abuse from his mother for wasting so much time near the well. But to his utter surprise, his mother embraced him lovingly and asked him whether he had drunk the cold water. He lied, saying that he had just had his usual evening tea. He started at her in disbelief when she handed over to him a glassful of hot milk mixed with one of those delicious powders—Ovaltine or something and a plate heaped with one boiled egg, two big bananas and also some sweet pudding.

He was too shocked to touch the food. It could not be meant for him! Some one must have come to see his eldest sister Radha, with a marriage proposal. Every time somebody like that came, mother would prepare such special items. These must be the left-overs.

"Take these, son! I made them for you. You must be very tired after school." He could not believe these were Mother's words!

Ramu hurriedly ate everything. He felt wonderful. Mother asked him to stretch out on the bed. He saw that the old sagging rope-woven cot had been stuffed with all the available mattresses, to make it comfortable. Covered with Mother's old blanket, he fell asleep almost immediately.

When he woke up it was dark. He heard faint whispers from the other corner of the room. He tried to make out the words. His mother was talking. "Oh, to think that I have to take out my savings which I had kept for Radha's wedding! Who knows when a good proposal might come? And you know she is already 23!" Ramu heard his mother blowing her nose and crying faintly. "Now, don't start wailing and wake him up. What else can be done now? Let him get well. That is the most important thing right now," he heard his father reply. "How long does he have to be in the sanitorium?" Mother enquired. "About two months. By God's Grace, it is only the beginning," came the reply.

Ramu listened quietly. The word sanitorium echoed in his mind. He had heard it somewhere. Yes, his master had mentioned it in class — the place where TB patients were sent for treatment. He suddenly remembered that his chest X-ray had been taken two days ago in a hospital. He had forgotten all about it.

Now everything became clear. He had been declared a T.B. patient! Now he knew the meaning of the glass of milk and the swollen eyelids of his mother while giving it to him. He thought uneasily that he had become a burden for his poor parents. Who could have gone to give the milk to the customers that evening? Radha or Rani might have gone. Who had gone to the market? In the morning he may not be asked to carry the milk to the houses. Would he be allowed to go to school? Perhaps not. A T.B. patient could not enter the school compound. The picture of him being deserted by all his friends and teachers appeared before his eyes. Even his mother was feeling bad, since she had to spend her life's savings on him. He knew why his mother would never spend a paisa out of the income from milk. She used to keep the whole amount in a bank

How long would the special treatment of love and tenderness last?

to be taken out only for Radha's marriage.

Next morning Ramu woke up when his mother called him very gently, caressing his hair. This was not the way he was used to getting up. Mother would shout at the top of her voice from the kitchen, "Ramu, Ramu! Get up! How many times do I have to call out to you? You sleepy good-for-nothing fellow! How can the family ever prosper when there are such lazy idiots in the house..."

But today, mother accompanied him to the bathroom. When he returned, she was waiting near the cot with milk and soft **idlis** for him. "Mother, what is happening? Why do you care to give me such rich food? I know we cannot afford it. Tell me the truth!" Ramu asked her, in a low voice.

"There is nothing the matter, son. The doctor said you are a bit weak, and asked me to give you the best food possible." Mother's voice choked with emotion.

"Can I go to school as usual? Or is there something else wrong with me?" He wanted to hear it from his mother.

"What is wrong with you? Nothing. You need some good food and rest. That is all. After some tine, we are all going to the city where we will stay in a nice house. You can take rest there for a few months," Mother explained.

"A few months? That means I can't go to school all those days. My master will certainly scold me, Mother."

"Don't worry, your father has looked into all that. Now take this and change your clothes. As soon as your father arrives, we will start."

Then mother brought a set of new shirt and trousers for him. He took them in his hands and smelt them. The smell of the new clothes tickled him. He put them on immediately. How sad, he could not show the dress to his friends, he thought. He must be looking real smart.

He heard a car's horn outside the gate. A taxi! He was thrilled at the thought of travelling in a car. He had never sat inside a car before. Mother came inside with a heavy suitcase and called him. His sisters Radha and Rani, kissed him tenderly and wished him good luck. "Come back soon, Ramu, happy and healthy!" they said.

He sat on the soft cushion of the car seat. He kept looking outside through the glass with the hope of seeing some of his friends; let them see him going in a taxi! A taxi was a rare sight in the village. One had go to the next town to fetch one.

He wished the destination would never come. But soon the car went through a big gate and halted before a huge building.

Ramu was admitted in a special room overlooking the open maidan and the distant hills. He had a comfortable bed. Adjoining the room was a beautiful shining bathroom. The windows had colourful curtains.

His mother stayed with him. He could never have imagined that she could be so sweet and tender. She did not remind him of the various misfortunes he had brought to the family. How she had got paralysis after giving birth to him, how his father had met with an accident in the saw mill where he worked as a labourer, how his sister had got chicken pox and so on. He had never understood what exactly he had done to cause all these miseries. Now, he himself was struck with misfortune. Even this could be his fault. But mother did not say any such thing these days.

Ramu remembered that even his father had started taking an interest in his affairs. Before he left the hospital, he had implored his wife not to worry Ramu on any account because the doctor had said that the happier he was kept the faster he could recover. He knew very well that the rich diet, the medicines and the comfortable room were too costly for his poor father to afford.

Three months passed. Ramu returned home. But this time the journey was by bus. Maybe his father could not arrange for a taxi because he had become poorer. There was hardly space for him to sit. He grumbled when he was squeezed in by mother on one side and another fat woman on the other.

"Don't grumble! We are not rich enough to go by taxi always!" His mother gave him a sharp reply. Ramu sat silent throughout the rest of the journey.

At last the bus reached his village. They walked the last one mile to the house. His sisters were anxiously waiting at the gate. They could hardly recognise him. He had put on weight and his cheeks shone a radiant red. They embraced him lovingly.

"Is he fully all right, mother? But how come you look so pale and thin? Did you not like your stay there?" Radha asked mother.

"I could not eat or sleep well when so much money was being spent every day," Mother said.

Ramu was exhausted after the bus journey and the long walk. Radha brought milk for him. As he started sipping it, mother shouted at Radha, "Why do you give him milk, Radha? He is all right now. Let him take black coffee, as before. We need every paisa that can be saved." Ramu felt guilty because he had already finished half the glass. He gave the rest back to his sister. Radha insisted that he drink all of it, but he could not. He felt a lump in his throat that blocked the milk on its way.

The next morning Ramu was awakened by mother's harsh words. He got up quietly and went out with milk vessels dangling from his hands for the morning round. Then he cut firewood for the kitchen and mixed the cow's fodder. It was already time for school.

He hurriedly swallowed the **kanji** and coconut chutney which was his usual breakfast.

The master was delighted to see his favourite student back in the school. He noticed that Ramu looked healthy and fresh. "How are you, my child? You look definitely better. Are not you happy that you are back in school?" The master patted his cheek.

Tears welled up in Ramu's eyes. He could not speak. His lips trembled when he tried to talk.

"What is wrong, Ramu? Are you not well yet?" the master asked him.

"Yes, Sir, I am all right. But... but I wish I could get T.B. again!" He covered his face and wept.

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ASP/FOR/3

VALLEY OF FLOWERS: a paradise in bloom

Sumant R. Shah

A million flowers spring up in the summer — an unspoilt, little known vacation spot

—which showed hundreds of species and millions of flowers, including the rare blue poppy and the Brahmkamal.

In the Himalayas there are a number of plateaus and slopes, what they call **margs** in Kashmiri and **bugyals** in Garhwali. A million flowers spring up on these plateaus when the snows are disappearing. This begins to happen in the end of June. From mid-July to mid-August millions and millions of flowers are in full bloom on plants

Photographs: Sumant R. Shah

The book "Valley of Flowers" by Frank Smythe has kindled in many a reader a longing to visit this floral paradise. No doubt a number of persons who visit it (it is just 12 miles off the highway to Badrinath, the famous pilgrim centre), are disillusioned but this is because they did not choose the correct season for the visit. An affluent couple showed us a colour movie of the valley which they had filmed during a three-hour stay in September. The number of species did not exceed a dozen and the total number of flowers did not exceed a couple of hundreds. Some months later, they were stunned to see our colour slides photographed during the end of July during a six-day camp in the valley one to three feet high. In some places like Panwali it is billions and billions. There **bugyals** (valleys of flowers) thrive at a height of 8000 and 12000 feet and more. Of the total two thousand and odd species of flowers in these meadows, one meadow in a particular area will have anything from 500 to a 1,000 species, but it will also have a couple or three dozen species which no other meadow in any other area will have.

The most unusual aspect of the life span of a species is that the period in which it is in full bloom is hardly 15 days. If you see a species, say on June 10 in full bloom in thousands you will probably not see a single flower in bloom after June 25. The natural

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VALLEY OF FLOWERS:

corollary to this is that if one wants to see or study all the species of the region he will have to stay for three months (June, July, August), because a species he will see in bloom at one time, will be dead after about twenty days. For a visitor who loves flowers, the minimum period of stay in an area or region would be about a week when he will see all the three processes — the coming into full bloom, those in full bloom, and those dying out.

The period of full bloom is usually between mid-July and mid-August with a slight variation in dates according to (a) altitude, (b) latitude, (c) rain and snow— early or late, light or heavy. There is no agency in India which tells you about these weather conditions and the only remedy lies in extending your stay.

Generally you do get sunshine for a couple of hours on an average. There have been instances, though rare, when one had sunshine for only ten minutes in six days! It can pour so hard or it can be so foggy that you cannot stir out for five or six days at a stretch. The only remedy is to extend your stay.

Apart from this Valley of Flowers, there are a number of other areas (in Garhwal) which have a greater number of flowers, a greater number of species of flowers and larger areas. They are Badrinath, Hemkund, Tungnath, Kedarnath, Panwali, Gangotri, Har Ki Doon. These are comparatively easy of approach.

BADRINATH (10,300 feet)

The bus from Rishikesh (near Hardwar) takes you right up to the temple. There are excellent dharamshalas and also a good hotel for stay (on this route do not eat cold or uncooked food, the food should be piping hot). Few visit it between mid-July and mid-August. It is a veritable paradise of flowers on miles and miles of vast undulating slopes. Bird watching is an added attraction. The greatest advantage is the availability of city amenities in this wilderness. So far as facilities for flower watching are concerned, there is no place to beat Badrinath.

This is considered a must before you go to Hemkund (13600) because you get acclimatised and the height would not bother you then. The flowers grow fabulously and the end of July is highly recommended, but be prepared for delay caused by land slides on the bus route due to continuous rains, or thick fog.

TUNGNATH (11500 feet)

Besides being a very scenic place of pilgrimage, it has a beautiful P.W.D. rest House at Dugal Bhita three miles below. Up to Chamoli the route is the same as for Badrinath. From Chamoli, there is a bus road to Dugal Bhita, but due to frequent land slides the buses never ply during July 15 to August 15, but you can get a taxi. Otherwise, walk three marches to Dugal Bhita. Porters, with some difficulty, are available at Chamoli or at Gopeshwar, a few km. from Chamoli. The permission to occupy the Dugal Bhita rest house is given by the executive engineer, Chamoli District, Gopeshwar. Taxis ply regularly between Chamoli and Gopeshwar.

The area where flowers grow is not vast but you find a number of exotic flowers. Another way of approach is via Okhinath (two marches) on the Kedarnath bus route. The landslides on the side are comparatively much less and food is available at the rest house.

V.F.(11,500) HEMKUND (13,600)

Govind Ghat (5000 feet) is a Sikh pilgrimage centre. It is a bus stop between Joshinath and Badrinath. The Sikh shrine is about two furlongs from the highway bus stop. Porters and ponies are available at the shrine. Accommodation is also available at the shrine irrespective of race or religion. Eating the free food or "prasad" is nearly compulsory. Blankets etc. are also available on hire. Next day, trek nine miles to Ghangharia. It is an easy climb from 5000 to 10000 feet.

At Ghangharia there is the Sikh shrine, an F.R.H. and a hotel. You have to write to the D.F.O., Joshinath, for a permit to stay at the F.R.H. and you must make your own arrangements for food, i.e. you have to bring your own provisions, cooking vessels, etc. From there you trek three miles to the V.F. and camp there — select your own site with a spring water nearby. Light tents (one for sleeping and one for kitchen) can be had on hire from one of the trekking societies in Bombay. Throughout your stay you will have to engage a porter to fetch fuel and water.

From V.F. one can either directly go to Hemkund or return to Ghangharia and next day trek 4½ miles (10,000)to (13,600 feet) to Hemkund where there is a Sikh shrine as well as a tiny shrine of Laxmanji. There is no accommodation for staying overnight. So you either take your tents or go to Hemkund in the morning and return in the evening. There are two tea shops on the way. All along the way to Hemkund you find a number of rare, multicoloured flowers. If you have your tent you will have the added advantage of doing bird watching in the morning.

For those who have no tents and are prepared to rough it out, there are small caves in the V.F. where you can stay as well as do the cooking. Another alternative is to stay at Ghangharia and walk three miles up and down daily, but this leaves very little energy to roam up and down in the valley. In case of rain, the caves may be very far from where you are roaming. Staying in tents is highly recommended.

KEDARNATH (10,600 feet)

The bus from Rishikesh takes you to Somprayag via Rudraprayag. At Somprayag porters and ponies are available to trek ten miles to Kedarnath: On the way there are hotels at Gaurikund and Rambara. Eat only hot food. You have all the facilities of city life at Kedarnath and much wider scope to loiter amidst flowers amidst a fantastic wilderness with a back drop of mighty, snow clad peaks. In case of rain you can immediately repair to your blazing hearth in the Birla dharamshala. On a clear day you can go to Chorwad Tal in the morning and return at noon for lunch. The meadow at Chorwad Tal is very rich in flowers. So far as facilities for flower watching are concerned this is a better place to go to than V.F. The best time to visit is the end of July or the first week of August.

PANWALI (11,500 feet)

This is ideal for flower watching. You have a sea of flowers to see and the lay of the land enables you to climb up or down from the rest house at 10,500 feet and in all directions.

From Somprayag, where porters and ponies are available, it is two marches of about nine miles each. The first halt is Muggu where a mud hut (chatti) is available. Here too there are a number of bugyals in the vicinity. The next march is to the Panwali rest house. Panwali has a matchless area of approximately 30 square miles for roaming about in vast acres of flowers. Even the variety of species is the largest. From July 15 to August 15 you get the added advantage of passing your evenings with the nomadic but highly cultured tribe of Gurjars who camp there.

HAR KI DOON (11,500 feet)

In all seasons except July and August buses from Dehra Doon ply up to Netwar in Tons valley. However, in July and August — the season of flowers — the buses ply only up to Purola due to landslides between Purola and Netwar. At Purola there is a P.W.D. rest house (write to the executive engineer, P.W.D., Tons Division, Purola, for reservation and follow it up with a wire). No porters are available, only ponies.

The stages are Jarmola (10 miles), Netwar (10 miles), Taluka (12 miles) Osla (8 miles) and Har Ki Doon (8 miles). Write to the D.F.O., Tons Division, Purola, for F.R.H.s. at the above five places with dates. At Netwar you hire another set of pack ponies if you learn from the forest ranger, or chowkidar of the F.R.H., or the local shop keepers that the notorious Allara Gad is crossable by ponies. It is difficult to get porters at Netwar. At Sankali you get porters. Employ Nepali porters even if they demand a couple of rupees extra. The rate is anything from Rs. 12 to 15 a day (food theirs). Nepali porters carry 25 to 30 kgs. whereas locals carry only 20 kgs. The bridge on the Allara Gad gets washed away every monsoon. Human beings can cross the "gad" with difficulty, but ponies cannot. Sometimes the local porters agree to come only up to Taluka. You can get porters at Taluka from the nearby village of Datmir.

Har ki Doon has three valleys full of flowers — Maninda (Tal) Gad, Hatyara Gad and Yamdwar Gad. The F.R.H. is beautifully situated. Each day you can saily into a valley and return to your F.R.H. in the afternoon if it is not raining. The flowers will be growing over anything from 50 to 100 square miles.

The number of flowers would possibly exceed the sum total of all the other valleys except Panwali. The number of species is slightly less than that of the Valley of Flowers or nearly equal to it, but some of the flowers are very exotic.

GANGOTRI

This is somewhat like Badrinath, but much smaller in area and the atmosphere is slightly different. The Gaumukh, the mouth of the Gangotri glacier, is 14 miles away. The flowers grow between rocks, pebbles and boulders. The best time to visit is from the first week of July to the last week of August. You meet the same difficulties of road blocks on the bus route (the route is via Uttarkashi) due to landslides. Possibly the landslides between Uttarkashi and Gangotri (the bus goes right up to Gangotri) occur more often than on any other route, but the traffic being more, the landslides are cleared much sooner.

DODITAL (10,000 feet)

This is a tiny lake at 10000. The Agoda E.R.H. is 11 miles from Uttarkashi and the Dodital F.R.H. is nine miles from Agoda. The Barwa plateau is three miles from Dodital. For reservation of both the F.R.H.s write to the DFO, Uttarkashi.

CLASSIC, CASUAL AND CAPTIVATING

The season ahead highlights f
in natural fabrics — the newe
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styles — from the rich feel o
coolness of handloom fabrics
in common — an attention to
function.
The hi-fashions include put-to
outfits, suitable for any occasi
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cottons — hand-woven, hand-
comfortable and inexpensive.

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dresses made of cool
n lustre, easy to wear,

LEFT : All dressed up — and everywhere to go! A black-red-white Rajasthani bandhini saree is fashioned into a sparkling dress with a triangular ruffled stole tied across the waist; a charming evening gown is made up of blue and white 'Terene' scarves; while a red and yellow-black striped cotton maxi with long sleeves has stripes going vertically and horizontally.

CENTRE : The new fantasy look of today shows off a pointed hemline patchwork skirt and matching poncho top; while the old world flavour is captured in a red and white floral printed ruffled skirt and a machine embroidered white top.

ABOVE : Casually sporting! A black and off-white woven handloom stole is styled into fringed short pants and spritely top with handkerchief sleeves; a green, white and black striped jumpsuit plays up the stripes in a striking manner; and an orange, beige and black striped short cullots in handloom cotton is cool.

TRICKED BY DECEITFUL IN-LAWS

Four years back I was only twenty and a beautiful world of dreams was all in front of me. Wherever there was sound of laughter and fun and games in our house, I was invariably in the middle of it. Otherwise too, among the kids in our family, I was in the middle, with one brother elder to me and a sister two years my junior. My mother often got exasperated with our pranks and felt the need to remind me that I was grown up. "You are not a child any longer, Sushma!" she'd say. "You are old enough to be married off tomorrow. What will your in-laws think if you keep on acting like this?"

"No marriage for me," I'd say. "Not for many years to come." Little did I know then that before the month was out I'd be engaged. For some time I didn't know what to feel. But then, like all young girls, I too was caught up by the excitement and transported into the realm of fantasy, with sparkling stars and silvery moons, dazzling sunrises and colourful dusks, where even a slightly rising wind would bring with it tantalising scents of flowering trees and the hum of bees as a backdrop to the songs of birds. There was no end to my day-dreaming and I often felt sheepish at my own thoughts. Roshan was, after all, a nice, rugged-looking young man with a well-paid job and the promises of a very bright future. There could be nothing lacking in our life together.

I had just graduated when the proposal had come through a family friend who was also a neighbour of my would-be in-laws. After my engagement Roshan's mother became insistent on an early marriage. My parents were not against an early marriage but they couldn't understand what the hurry was. They wanted me to go in for post-graduation in my favourite subject — economics. But Roshan's mother argued that it was just a waste of time. They never would have me take up a job. My mother reasoned, "A quick marriage is all right, but one has to arrange for so many things. It all takes time. Surely we can wait till next year, can't we?"

"What is there to wait for?" Roshan's mother said, her tone a little light-hearted. "All this dowry business and pomp and show in marriages is old-fashioned. Moreover, if Sushma still wants to do her post-graduation, she can carry on after her marriage."

My parents were baffled. It was all too good to be true, it seemed. Where was the catch, if there was one? My parents discussed the matter in our small family gatherings. They looked at it from every angle. Eventually they decided that they could not let a match like this slip out of their hands. Everyone suggested that if Roshan's family wanted an early marriage then we should fall in line with their wishes.

So within three weeks I was married and had changed my surname, my family and the home where I had spent my childhood frolicking around like a carefree colt.

The night Roshan took me in his arms it seemed as if he'd crush me. I almost fought back to get him to loosen his hold. "Hey!" I said, "I want to breathe. You'll break my ribs." He gave a short chuckle and let me go. "The fact is, Sushma, that I was smitten by you from the first day I saw you," he was saying. "I have dreamed of this moment for all these weeks. I want to have you so close to me that we can never be separated. Life, Sushma, can be very short. For lovers, every moment that they are together counts."

I was elated beyond words. "Darling," I whispered. "How wonderful it is to hear such lovely words from you. You are young and so strong. Why do you talk of a short life? Surely we will live a long happy married life, have children, grow into old senile grandparents, and enjoy ourselves to the fullest." Roshan said, "Okay, I withdraw my statement. We will follow your line of action." And we laughed together, the pale light from a half-moon coming through the open window put a silvery edge to our happiness. The summer had just started and from the garden outside floated in the occasional sounds of crickets chirping or the soft flutter of wings swooping as the nocturnal drama of the struggle for existence was played out in some remote corner. I could hear the night passing. The stars in the sky were on the move. Eagerly, I turned to my husband, my heart pounding. The night, I thought, must take care of itself while we stole a few moments from it and turned them into eternity.

The weeks that followed were glorious. Roshan was a very loving and considerate husband. He worked hard on his job and was thought much of by his friends and acquaintances. I had given up the idea of doing my post-graduation. It was so tempting to do nothing and bask in the sunshine of my husband's job and the security of his person. There was so much calm all around that my senses should have warned me of the coming storm.

It came like the most inconsequential whiff of a freshening wind that catches a sail, gives it a tug and dies even before the boat can have time to react to it. One can't give much thought to the fact that an outstretched hand fails to hold a glass of whisky when it is offered to a person. When I heard the crash and turned around to look, my husband was profusely apologising to our host, a big official in our business house. I left my friends and went up to him to have a dig at his clumsiness. But when I looked at the deep concern and confusion in his eyes I checked myself. "It is all right darling," I said. "Don't look so mortified. Cheer up."

"Yeah!" said our host in his booming voice. "Think nothing of it. Here, take another drink." A bearer brought a tray to my husband, who looked at the fresh glass of whisky lying on it for quite a while before taking the glass in his right hand. His hand shook visibly as he tried to put it to his lips. I quickly went forward and took the glass away from his hand and asked him to sit down for a while. I thought he had become nervous and a little rest would help him. Within a few minutes he was feeling all right and we forgot about the incident as the party really got going.

The next morning, at breakfast, I tried to make a joke of the whole thing and teased Roshan that he had dropped the glass of whisky because he was not looking at the glass while picking it up, but was actually staring at that shapely young wife of his friend, the one in a mauve sari. "I did not notice anyone in a mauve sari," Roshan said in a very serious tone. "Actually, I can't remember anything about the few minutes before the glass fell from my hand. It is a sort of a blank in my mind. Must be fatigue, I have been working too hard, I think."

I was concerned now. "I do think you are overdoing your devotion to duty," I said, "You should relax a bit. Let's go on a short leave, shall we?" Roshan shook his head and said, "You are worrying for nothing. It will be all right. I will take it easy from now on for a few weeks."

In the next few months, Roshan was his natural self again except for the spells of brooding he sank into from time to time. I gave it no thought. These things do happen. But what was upsetting was that my mother-in-law had suddenly landed up from Jammu at our place in Delhi. Her boxes and stuff had accompanied her. Apparently she had no idea of going back to Jammu in a hurry. My father-in-law came occasionally for a day or two and left. But Ma-in-law had become a part of the scenery in our house. Gradually it became very difficult to put up with her. All her pre-marriage sweetness was nowhere to be seen. She was now acting her true self, a domineering, ill-tempered person who just couldn't keep her nose out of anybody's affairs.

Roshan, like most sons in front of their over-doting mothers, lost his voice whenever there was need for him to speak up for me. He never said a word to his mother. If I protested, I was made out to be the villain of the piece. Still, with all her irksome goings-on, life was nice. I often thought that life had treated me well. After all, mothers-in-law don't live forever!

On the other hand, Roshan was a good husband. His father was a kind old man who never raised his voice. And the best thing was that I was expecting my first child.

When Rohit was born my joy was complete. I held the small pink bundle that lay beside me with infinite tenderness and care. He was a beautiful baby, soft, red and wrinkled. Within a fortnight, he started filling out and became chubby. I got so absorbed with him that I didn't take notice of a lot of things I should have. It would have saved me the sudden shock that was on its way.

Rohit was hardly past his first birthday when I seemed to notice suddenly one day that he was losing weight. Before his bath I thought I'd give him an oil massage. As I rubbed his small chest I felt the bones sticking out. I got very upset. I asked my mother-in-law to come and see if there wasn't anything wrong with Rohit. Instead of showing concern and reassuring me, she got after me for neglecting Rohit and his health. "You couldn't be feeding him properly and at regular intervals," she said, putting the blame on me.

I knew I wasn't neglecting Rohit or his feeds. I cared for him with all my life. I did everything I felt I had to do for him. There had to be some other reason for his losing weight. That evening he was running a temperature. We took him to the doctor. He prescribed medicines for a week. But the temperature persisted and we were sent scurrying to the specialists for further tests. I was tense with worry while we waited for the results. I prayed for Rohit. "Oh Lord God, please make my son all right. Please."

But prayers are just prayers. Truth cannot be pushed away by a few words uttered to the Almighty. And that is exactly what happened in my case. Rohit had leukaemia, we were told. I broke down and sobbed like a child, right in the doctor's office. Roshan said nothing. He just put his hand on my shoulder and allowed me to cry. It must be a bad dream, I tried to tell myself.

"I am sorry," the doctor had said to me. "I know what you must feel. But God has His own ways. You mustn't get too despondent about Rohit's chances. I wish I could tell you that Rohit will get all right in the near future. But all I can say is that we shall all try to the best of our abilities. You must be brave, for you have a trying time ahead. You must look after the baby. He must not know that there is anything wrong." I could see the old doctor was doing his professional best to make the blow as soft as he could.

It bowled my mother-in-law over. But she recovered soon enough to start blowing her top and blaming me for everything. She made me feel like a criminal. There was no consideration, no feeling for me. All she knew was that her grandson's life was in jeopardy. And I was to blame.

I was chosen as a sacrificial goat to be slaughtered at the altar of their ambition to procure a grandson for themselves

---

Rohit's fever stayed with him for weeks. I'd sit glued to his bed all day. During the nights I'd sleep fitfully on an easy chair in his room. Sometimes my mother-in-law would show some concern for Rohit but generally she remained angry and brooding. Almost a year dragged by and Rohit was reduced to a skeleton. Then one morning he was gone from our lives. I collapsed and cried and wailed endlessly for days. But nothing could bring Rohit back.

What made things worse was that Roshan's mother wouldn't let me be in peace. I didn't have the energy to fight back. My grief was too much. I couldn't bear any more. But God thought otherwise. There was much much more in store for me. It was even worse because later I found out that I was tricked into a life which inexorably led to untold misery, heartbreak and an endless nightmare.

I had often thought about Roshan's nature. He was given to a good deal of brooding. I didn't think it was anything to be concerned about. I thought that being a sober, mature man he was by nature given to introversion. He had been prepared to go along with my fun-loving nature. And this marriage of opposites seemed to have gone off not too badly, so far. Little did I know that our marriage was like a castle built on a foundation of sand, and that it couldn't last for very long,

The second blast of the gathering storm came when, one day, while having lunch, Roshan picked up his glass of water. I saw his hand shake and the glass of water crashing to the floor. It was a repeat performance of what had happened long ago during the party. But this time Roshan became violently sick. He complained of pain in his head and felt nausea. I had never seen a thing like this. Instead of helping him, I became upset and nervous. That gave my mother-in-law another chance to blow her top. I had often wondered why Roshan never sided with me. Now I knew. He never had the energy to be a real man. He was apparently strong and well-built. But inside he was sick, fatally diseased.

In fact, he was sick two years before our marriage. He had been rushed to hospital and then to Vellore for brain surgery. He had a small tumour which had been successfully removed. Nobody knew where Roshan and his parents had gone or for what purpose. When they returned, Roshan was weak but otherwise he looked quite all right. The story about being on holiday which Ma-in-law had spread was not doubted by anyone. In any case, there was no reason for anyone to disbelieve what they were told.

Once Roshan was a little better, his mother had wanted him to get married. For some time Roshan resisted. He even got into verbal fights with her in the hope of making her see how wrong it was for her to get him married and ruin the life of some innocent girl. He knew his time was limited in this world. The doctors at Vellore had made it quite clear to him. But his mother wouldn't listen to anyone nor to any reason. She declared that she wanted a grandson and nothing and nobody could dissuade her. So how could Roshan?

He probably knew his mother wouldn't leave him in peace till he'd agreed to get married. Weakened by disease he possibly did not have a strong enough will to put up a resistence and fight. He had regained his physical strength after the operation but not the will to fight. And that undying hope in all of us might have induced him to believe that the doctors at Vellore could have made a mistake. His disease might not prove fatal after all. So I was chosen as the sacrificial goat to be slaughtered at the altar of my mother-in-law's ambition to procure a grandson for herself.

The marriage had been purposely rushed so that we had no time to go into details. In any case, Roshan's ailment was a neatly-kept secret and even if my family had tried there was no way they could have found out about the seriousness of Roshan's illness. The irony of the whole thing is that my in-laws blamed me for what followed. My mother-in-law continues to say that I am a curse on their family. I am ill-omened, that is why Rohit and Roshan suffered fatal ailments and died. Roshan had no chance after his second operation. It was a foregone conclusion.

Roshan and Rohit are no more. But I go on living, if it can be called living. Six months of pain and misery have passed since the day I stood next to Roshan as he breathed his last. I stood by, unable to do anything. I do not know if Roshan's last fixed stare as he passed into oblivion was a gesture that besought absolution. I cannot hold anything against him. I loved him for what he was and still do.

People say time is a great healer. I hope this is true and that one day I will be rid of the intensity of my pain. But right now there is nothing to look forward to and no one to fall back upon. I wonder if my ma-in-law realises how much it is her fault that I am in such depths of grief and misery. She knew Roshan was very sick and had but a little time to live. Still that didn't stop her from linking her son's life with mine and ruining my whole future. Whom can I blame? My mother-in-law? Roshan? Our society? My own ill luck? Even if I find out, what good will it do me?

PERSONAL CHOICE :

PARSI FARE

Photograph : Farokh Reporter.

Havovi Rustomji is a beautician by profession. She runs a beauty parlour in Bombay and also holds classes for budding beauty-conscious eves.

Fond of cooking from an early age, Havovi brushed up her Continental, Chinese and Indian cuisine under experts. Not only that, she advises on slimming diets in her beauty courses. Friendly and outgoing, Havovi loves to entertain, and nothing gives her more pleasure and pride than a compliment on her cooking!

Versatile and well travelled, Havovi is an excellent sports woman, having won prizes in shotput, karate, hockey and judo. Her varied interests extend to dancing, painting, textile designing, gardening, swimming and riding.

STUFFED FRIED POMFRET

1 large pomfret

GRIND TO PASTE : NO. 1.

5 green chillis
½ pod garlic
1 tsp. cumminseed
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ bunch coriander leaves
Salt to state

GRIND TO PASTE : NO. 2.

¼ coconut, grated
Juice of 1 lemon
½ tsp. sugar
½ bunch coriander leaves
¼ pod garlic

½ tsp. cumminseed
Salt to taste

Clean the pomfret, slash three vertical lines on both sides. Then deep cut the stomach and clean from inside and wash thoroughly. Apply paste No. 1 outside. Then fill the inside gap with paste No. 2. Heat oil in a heavy frying pan and shallow fry the fish on slow fire until cooked through. Serve garnished with tomato slices and lemon wedges.

WHITE CHICKEN

1 chicken, jointed
2 large onions
4 hard-boiled eggs
4-5 small tomatoes

GRIND TO PASTE :

2 tbsps. khushkhush
100 grams cashewnuts
½ pod garlic
1" piece ginger
1 tsp. white pepper
½ coconut, grated
Salt to taste

Boil the chicken pieces with finely chopped onions and salt. Heat ghee in a dekchi and fry the masala paste. Add chicken pieces with broth and let it cook till it thickens. A few minutes before you take off the fire, add small tomatoes and shelled hard-boiled eggs.

TITORI

½ kg. sprouted val
4 onions, finely sliced
4 tomatoes, chopped
GRIND TO PASTE : NO. 1.
¼ coconut, grated

GRIND TO PASTE : NO. 2.

1 tsp. turmeric powder
6 green chillis
1 tsp. chilli powder
8 cloves
1" piece ginger
1 tsp. cumminseed
1 tsp. sugar
4 tbsps. refined oil

Heat refined oil in a dekchi. Lightly brown finely sliced onions in it. Add coconut paste, then add tomatoes and fry for a minute. Add paste No. 2 and fry again. Now add val and fry for few minutes. Add chopped coriander on top, cover the dekchi, pour some water on the lid and cook on low flame till val is done. Serve with a squeeze of lime.

DHANSAK

250 grams tur dal
¼ kg. mutton, big pieces
4 tbsps. refined oil
2 large onions
250 grams tomatoes
½ bunch coriander
3-4 sprigs curry leaves
100 grams pumpkin
Salt to taste

GRIND TO PASTE :

10 green chillis
1" piece ginger
½ pod garlic
1 tbsp. cumminseed

MASALAS :

2 tsps. chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
4 tsps. garam masala powder

Boil the dal with pieces of meat, finely sliced onion, chopped tomatoes, pumpkin cut into squares and salt in a litre of water. Add chopped coriander leaves and curry leaves.

Heat refined oil in a dekchi, add the masala paste and fry for a minute, then add the powdered masalas. Again fry for a minute. Remove from heat.

Add cooked dal and meat into the masala and mix well. Add chopped coriander on top and put back on fire and boil for 15 minutes. Serve hot with brown rice.

BROWN RICE

250 grams rice
½ tbsp. sugar
1 tbsp. refined oil
4 cardamoms
4 cloves
6-8 peppercorns
2 tsps. cumminseed
Salt to taste

In a dekchi, add sugar and oil and heat it till sugar is brown. Add rice and fry, then add enough hot water and all the other ingredients and cook, covered, till the rice is tender and each grain separated. Garnish with finely sliced fried onions and kababs.

KABABS

500 grams minced meat
1 large boiled potato
2 eggs

GRIND TO PASTE :

10 green chillis
1" piece ginger
½ pod garlic
½ bunch coriander
1 tsp. cumminseed
Salt to taste
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. chilli powder

Mix minced meat with mashed potato. Add the ground paste and blend thoroughly with a beaten egg. Make 12 equal sized balls, dip them in beaten egg and deep fry until evenly browned. Drain and remove.

CHICKEN SALAD

1 tender chicken
2 medium cucumbers
4 large tomatoes
1 cup green peas, boiled
6 red radish
White pepper
Lemon juice
Lettuce
Mayonnaise to taste

Clean and skin the chicken then boil with a little salt in a double boiler till tender. Remove all the bones and shred the meat into long strips. Season with white pepper and lemon juice and chill it for 15 minutes. Before serving, arrange tender lettuce leaves in a dish. Mix chopped vegetables, chicken and mayonnaise to taste. Pile mixture on lettuce leaves and pour extra mayonnaise on top. Garnish with radish roses.

WHEAT CHAPPATIS

½ kg. wheat flour
Salt to taste
Oil

Knead the flour mixed with salt and oil with hot boiling water. Divide into six parts. Roll each into a ball, apply ghee, fold it and roll it again in a round chappati. Roast it in ghee on a tava.

BHAJI PER EEDA

30 bunches fenugreek (methi bhaji)
5 large onions
5 tomatoes
6 eggs

GRIND TO PASTE :

5 green chillis
1 tsp. cumminseed
½" piece ginger
1 tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1½ tsp. chilli powder
10 cloves garlic
Salt to taste

Cut vegetable and boil with salt in a double boiler without water. Heat oil in a dekchi, fry finely chopped onions. Add the paste and fry it for a minute. Now add the vegetables and cook for 10 minutes or till it is dry.

cuckoo lal
When making pickles or jams, bottles, tops and rubber rings must be in perfect condition — even the smallest flaw may cause the preserved food to leak or spoil.

Take a flat vessel and put the cooked vegetables in it. When very hot, brake the eggs on top, leaving a bit of gap in between. Cover vessel and cook till eggs are set to medium or hard consistency, according to taste.

RAVA

50 grams rava
1 litre milk
250 grams sugar
15 grams raisins
20 cashewnuts
10 almonds
4 green cardamoms
Vanilla or Raspberry essence
Colour if desired
4 tbsps. pure ghee

Boil milk with sugar. Remove from heat. In a clean dekchi, fry rava in ghee until it changes colour slightly. Add eggs to milk and beat it well. Now add this mixture slowly to rava on a very low flame. Stir constantly. When it thickens, remove from heat. Cool it. Add essence and colour. Garnish with crushed cardamom, fried cashewnuts, raisins and almonds.

ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

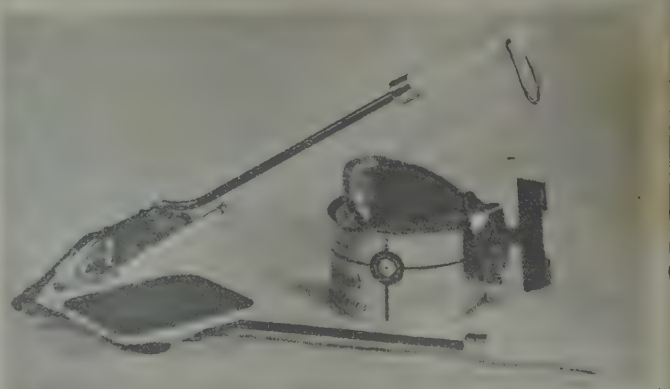
SPECIAL PRIZES

FOR WEEKLY WINNERS AND COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to Rs. 100.00, a saucepot (Jan. 1978).

All the above mentioned items are from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, BOMBAY, famous for their Sapphire non-stick, scratch resistant kitchen ware.

So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipe accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.



Prize winner of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50. 00 cash prize, a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a Tin-O-Mat.

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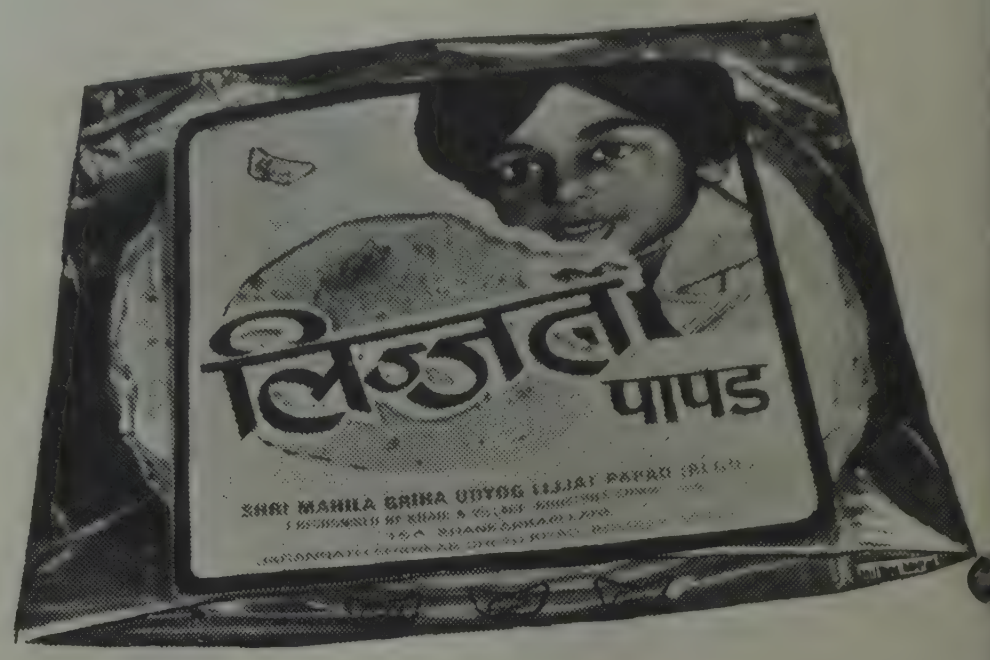

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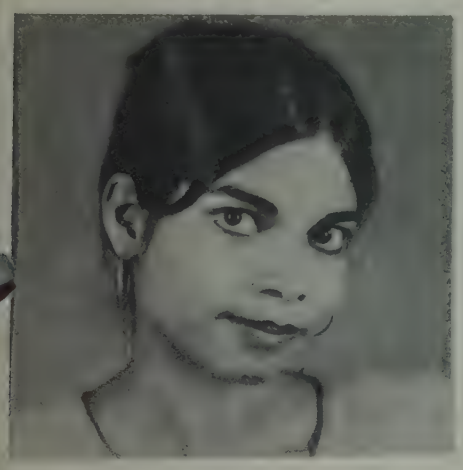
recipes from our readers

Mrs. Prema Kushalapa, Bangalore

GARLIC PORK

1 kg. pork
2 tsps. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
2 pods garlic, chopped finely
2 cup tomato sauce
Salt to taste

Cut pork to medium sized cubes and wash well. Mix with chilli powder, turmeric and salt. Cook till the pork is tender. Remove the extra fat. Add tomato sauce and garlic and simmer for 5 minutes. Serve hot with rice.



Miss Elvira Fernandes, Bombay

FISHERMAN'S PIE

½ kg. white fish fresh or frozen (Shark, pomfrets or haddock)
2 onions, chopped
2 green chillis, chopped
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
4 cloves garlic
3 medium sized tomatoes chopped
½ kg. green peas, boiled
1 tsp. ghee
½ bunch coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste
Juice of 1 lime

CRUST :

1 kg. potatoes
1 egg
½ cup breadcrumbs
1 tbsp. butter

Clean and wash the fish, cook it in salted water for eight minutes. Strain off the liquid then separate the flesh from the bones. In a large pan, heat the ghee and add the onions, ginger, garlic, tomatoes and the remaining ingredients except the fish, peas and coriander leaves and fry it for three minutes.

Add four tablespoons of water in the pan, heat, stirring it until smooth and thick, add the peas and fish and the coriander leaves one at a time.

Grease a pie dish with ghee and empty the fish mixture in the pie dish.

CRUST : Boil, peel and mash the potatoes into a bowl, stir in the butter, then mix it in the well beaten egg white.

Fill a large forcing bag with the pipe attached, to the sieved potatoes and pipe a fairly large border round the edge of the pie dish, glaze it with yolk of the egg and dust with breadcrumbs. Bake it for 25 minutes, till golden brown in a moderate oven, serve it with boiled green beans.

weekly winner

Miss Meena Thomas of Tamil Nadu, wins Rs. 50 plus a non-stick sandwich toaster and a Tin-O-Mat from Trupti Industries, Bombay.

DUTCH APPLE PIE

FOR THE PASTRY :

360 grams plain flour
180 grams butter
180 grams castor sugar
1 egg
The grated rind of 1 lemon
A sprinkling of castor sugar

FOR THE FILLING :

1 kg. cooking apples
60 grams castor sugar
120 grams sultanas
2 level tsps. cinnamon

Sift the flour into a large mixing bowl and add the butter, cut into pieces, the sugar, egg and grated lemon-rind. Knead all the ingredients with your hand to form a pastry. Cut off about a sixth for the trellis top and roll out the rest, fairly thickly, and line the pastry dish firmly against the sides of the tin. Trim the pastry round the top edge and add the trimmings to the pastry for the trellis.

Peel the apples, core and slice them. Then mix the sugar, sultanas and cinnamon thoroughly together. Pack the apple slices lightly into the pastry case in layers, sprinkling layers of the sultana mixture between. Roll out the remaining pastry and cut strips half an inch wide. Stand the trellis by crossing two strips across the centre of the pie, then weave in more strips in each direction alternatively. Fold back the strips as required to weave in the next ones. Trim the trellis end and join them to the sides of the pie with a dab of water. Sprinkle the top with castor sugar. Bake the pie just above the centre of a moderately hot oven, about gas mark 5 or 375 deg. F. for one hour or one and one-fourth hours.

Ms. Debbie Strange, Madras

MADRAS MUTTON CURRY

¾ kg. mutton pieces, boiled
1 tbsp. coriander
1 tbsp. khushkhush
1 tsp. mustard seeds
1½ tsps. cumminseed
2-3 dried chillis
1½ tsps. turmeric powder
1 stick of cinnamon
3 cardamoms
1½ tsps. minced green ginger
1 small piece coconut, ground
½ tsp. garlic, ground
6 tbsps. ghee
2 onions, sliced
Salt to taste

Grind together all the masala ingredients, except the coconut, khushkhush, ghee and onions. Keep adding water as you grind the paste. Later grind the coconut and khushkhush and keep aside. Heat ghee and fry sliced onions until pale brown. Now add the ground masala and fry for 10 minutes, taking care not to burn it. Add mutton to the masala, fry and add two cups of hot water and cook for 10 - 15 minutes. If the gravy is not sufficient, add a little milk, and if there is too much, add a little flour. When the gravy is thick, remove from fire and serve with boiled rice.

Miss M. Lalitha, Hazinagar.

FISH EGG PUTTU

100 grams fish egg
100 grams onions
½ cup coconut milk
3 tbsps. coconut oil
6 green chillis
1 tbsp. semolina
A pinch of turmeric
A small piece of ginger
Salt to taste

Chop onions, ginger and chillis finely. Fry in coconut oil to a golden colour. Add turmeric, semolina and salt and cook for 3 minutes and add the coconut milk. Boil fully till it turns light brown. Serve hot.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023.

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Bold And Beautiful

Very enterprising is Mrs. Beena Khaitan of Calcutta. When the steel industry was in doldrums, she diversified her interests and started "Rajeshwari", a commercial venture dealing in bedspreads, cushion covers and table linen.

Featured here are a few items from a wide range. In handloom cotton/satin, they are exquisitely machine-embroidered by master craftsmen. The rich patterns, mainly floral and bird motifs, are bold and beautiful. These have found their way in West Asia and now Beena wants to capture the European market.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS— a sanctuary for the privileged?

Bharat & Shalan Savur

Are public schools a feudal anachronism in free India, or are they models of educational excellence which we can ill afford to abolish?

Those who have seen Raj Kapoor's "Bobby" and "Mera Naam Joker" will remember the opening scenes taken of children going to Public Schools — a whirling world of packing, pushing stockings into already overflowing bags, hurried bye-byes, special coaches on whistling trains, climbing their winding way into blue-green mountains, colonial style buildings, large campuses, roomy dormitories, ties, blazers and spit-and-polish shoes.

Modelled on the Public School traditions "back home," the growth of Public Schools in India has its roots in India's colonial past, where the British, carrying the "white man's burden," felt the need for good schools to educate their children. About the same time, their vassals, admirers and imitators, the Indian Maharajas, founded their own schools on the same lines. Schools that bore English sounding names like Doon, Bishop Cotton, St Lawrence, Mayo College, or exotic oriental ones like "Maharani Gayatri Devi". An educational system that turned out Wogs (Western Oriented Gentlemen) who spoke with 'chi-chi' accents, developed and survives today.

Once the exclusive preserve of the white-skinned, the blue-blooded, the brown sahebs and the **babus**, after Independence, both the Government of India and school authorities have been aware of the need to Indianise the system and the skirt has made way for the salwar in many schools. The portals of public schools have also been opened to the less privileged through Government scholarships.

White the atmosphere is undoubtedly different from that prevailing in colonial and feudal times, does that hold for attitudes as well?

"Since these schools were meant for children of British officers, a lot of traditions were already British. The old-boy, old-school-tie syndrome still persists. I can't even talk to some of the people that I studied with. There's nothing in common. It's a kind of imitation. Not Indian." says Sanober Sahni, a lecturer at the Tata Institute of Social Sciences who went to St. Lawrence, Sanawar. "But it's not the socio-economic background that is important, as much as the ideas that parents have. The children already come from affluent backgrounds and the school reinforces what they have already imbibed from the parents. I don't say that everyone who goes to a public school comes out that way. Actually, on the whole, I feel that the pros outweigh the cons—the pure air, the appreciation of nature. . . A student catching a bus every day to go to school has no experience of these things and I wish every child had the opportunity of spending some part of his life in the mountains. Apart from studies, we also had to compulsorily learn music, dancing and needlework. It's not that we had to be experts at these things, but at least we had the opportunity to learn and enjoy them."

At "Trooping of the colours" — echoes of British public schools?

As a young boy then studying in the seventh standard of a missionary school, Ranjit Gurkar went through a series of I.Q., Mathematics, Science and English tests before winning a Government scholarship and joining the Hansraj Morarji Public School. Today a successful Sales Executive, Ranjit is a firm believer in the public school system. Defending the two "Rs" (ragging and the rod) as being good for discipline, Ranjit feels that this background has helped him to get along with a large variety of people, socially and professionally.

Denying that there was any form of condescension or contempt for government scholars, Ranjit felt that people who raise such issues suffer from an inferiority complex.

On the other hand, a student from Doon School said that government scholars "stick out like sore thumbs" as their clothes, their eating habits and the way they speak English are so different from those of the others.

Talented Nandini Kodikal, former student of the Maharani Gayatri Devi Girls' Public School who in 1975 stood fourth in English Literature (B.A.) in Andhra Pradesh and is presently doing her M.A. in Chandigarh, observed, "Look, the ideas and ways of living of these (Government) scholars are totally different from ours. So there have to be adjustments on both sides. Take pocket money—we were all given Rs. 12 per month, but we did occasionally need a little extra. This is where they felt the pinch. It made them touchy to the extent where they hesitated to take 'tuck' from us because they felt they may not be able to share theirs with us."

She admits, "The girls from our school are, as my brother puts it, 'a snooty crowd.' Frankly, I think we are. In college, it does take a lot of adjustment for us to make friends since we are fresh out of school. And yes, we tend to pick and choose." Asked whether she felt she had gained anything by attending a public school, she nodded, "Yes definitely. I gained a lot of confidence in myself.

"For nine years I attended a convent as a day-scholar but switched over to M.G.D. for the last two years and I could feel the change within me. I used to be very quiet and depended on my parents for many things. But in M.G.D. I had to take my own decisions, form my own ideas, and even now, I still argue with my father if we happen to disagree on any point, which I would not have dared to do before."

"Does your schooling tend to give you a westernised concept of life?" brought about a vehement shake of the head.

Maltoo Anand (also from M.G.D.) feels that every school-going child should join a public school as early as possible in order to develop all round abilities. "After all, public schools are more than just boarding schools. They are a way of life."

Whether in time of war when the girls did their own trench digging, or during a kitchen strike, when they did their own cooking, M. G. D. girls are geared for any emergency, she claims.

Maltoo joined M.G.D. in the fourth standard and took up sports seriously. Competing in the All-India National Championships in 1973, she won silver medals in the 100 and 200 metres for girls. Now a science student at Somani College, she has hung

up her sprinting shoes, allegedly for lack of time and space to practise.

It seems a shame that the public school system has so rarely contributed to the roll call of national champions. Considering the facilities available, one would expect them to dominate most games like swimming, boxing, athletics and of course, the ball games. But the writers can't recall more than a handful of cricketers, golfers, rifle-shooters and polo players, (the royal games) who have represented India internationally. Either bare feet and football go hand-in-hand, or it's the old story of the complacence of affluence. This criticism is equally valid in the case of Indian music and the fine arts.

Both Sanjay and Samir Bharadwaj went to Mayo College, Ajmer, where the campus sprawls over 300 acres. The main gain as Sanjay sees it is the spirit of independence and self-reliance that is inculcated in a public school. "We go on expeditions in a group of four. We are given five rupees each, some provisions and allowed to spend two nights out on our own."

Countering the statement that public schools are western oriented, he said, "We learn Indian music, Indian history, play Indian games like kho-kho, kabadi, wrestling. Our ceremonial uniform is a turban, an achkan and a coat. We even have a temple and a Gurdwara. What's more our morning prayers in the assembly were in English as well as Sanskrit."

Describing a typical day in the life of a public school student, the younger brother, Samir continued. "We got up at 5.45 a.m., ran about two furlongs to the mess, had a glass of milk which was followed by physical training on alternate days. Then it was time for prep. For breakfast, we had porridge, an egg and toast, butter and jam. Six lectures before lunch after which we had a rest hour. Games followed by a bath, then study till dinner time after which it was time for bed. For lunch and dinner, we had three dishes (both veg. and non-veg.), rice and chappatis and a sweet dish.

"We had a lot of extra-curricular activities such as, leatherwork, wood-carving, metal-work, aero-modelling, electronics, etc. with a specialised teacher and a workshop for each activity. By the time we passed school, we knew exactly what line we would like to take up."

Their mother, Mrs. Suman Bharadwaj, herself a school teacher, said, "The fees are seemingly high, but I think even children who go to a good day-school have to pay high fees. And if you want to give them good food at home, well, I think it amounts to the same—maybe a little extra. Good education does not mean merely reading books—it's an all-round personality development. That is what we pay for and that is what they get and you can't get in other schools."

Mrs. Shobha Kilachand, mother cat of the "cool cats" of "Stardust", said, "Having myself gone to a Protestant day school with its emphasis on religion and narrow-minded, astringent morality, I would not like to send my son to the same kind of system. Though only two years old, I have already registered him in a public school in the north, which I feel will help to make a man out of him. Being a non-Gujarati in a Gujarati household which follows a strict vegetarian diet, my eating patterns are very different. But I cannot provide my son with the kind of meal that I would like to. That would be an advantage as far as I'm concerned, that is, he will grow up eating a nutritious, balanced meal. Besides, a public school background always helps, whether to pursue higher studies abroad, take up a job, or join the family business."

Mr. H. a Personnel Manager of a large multinational snapped out, "Frankly I've had no experience in this field, but I don't see why an employer should prefer a public school boy. We certainly do not believe in this, in our Company at least. Now take our Deputy Managing Director. He is a public school product. But that doesn't mean that he is hard working and loyal just because he has studied in Doons. The whole idea is preposterous!"

A Management Consultant, Mr. S. V. Rao, says, "From my own experience I can tell you that public school products are a glamour-oriented, ego-centred and self-sufficient lot. If they can be harnessed, they make top-class marketing men, P.R.O.s, etc. But quite a few times I have noticed that their motivation is not as high as some who come from lesser backgrounds. Maybe it is their socio-economic background that makes them complacent."

"What chance do I have for jobs when I have to compete against people who make their contacts right from the time they are in school?" exploded Anil Mehra, an unemployed graduate. "Public schools are springboards from which children of the affluent dive into good jobs and 'high society'. These schools perpetuate and accentuate the difference between the haves and the have-nots. They are a status symbol in our society where one child's fees are another man's income. My chances of diving into the same pool are those of a man with a ball of iron round his feet!"

The age of feudalism is over. But not that of elitism. The integration achieved in public schools is necessarily horizontal, not vertical, the dividing line being class. Public schools as they now are, are a sanctuary for the silver spoon children, attended by the children of senior civil servants, defence personnel, established industrialists, businessmen, company executives and film stars, etc. with the small percentage of Government scholars being the exception that proves the rule. In short, the neo-aristocratic order of Independent India. The Union Education Minister, Dr. Pratap Chandra Chunder, is aware of the situation, and while he is against the abolition of public schools he recommends that admissions should be governed by merit rather than financial status. Grants of scholarships from the Government as well as these institutions would go a long way in ensuring equality of educational opportunity.

Excellent facilities and stress on sports are characteristic of public schools.

QUIZ

'HEGMAN'

1. What have these gentlemen in common:-
   Conrad Hilton, Michael Wilding, Mike Todd, Eddie Fisher, John Warner?
2. The Radcliffe Line separates which two countries?
3. Which year followed 1 B.C.?
4. In the Cryllic (Russian) alphabet, what is the abbreviation given to the U.S.S.R.?
5. How many birthdays has a 21-year-old girl?
6. What's the acid in lemons?
7. What's another word we can use for "parentheses?"
8. What's the most abundant element on earth today?
9. Arthur Jefferson was a famous comedian, known under what famous name?
10. Who said "If God were to appear in India, he would have to take the form of Bread?"
11. Which country owns the oldest satellite orbiting the earth?
12. True or false: The giraffe's front legs are longer than the back legs.
13. What's the Chinese name for the "Brahmputra"?
13. Which English writer is famous for his stories on India?
15. What "vehicle" did Hannibal use to cross the Alps?
16. What could be the possible connection between U.S. President Carter and cartoonist Charlie Schulz?
17. If a cartographer does not sell post-cards, what does he do?

ANSWERS

1. Elizabeth Taylor. They are all her husbands. Husband No. 5 and 6, of course, being Richard Burton.
2. India and Pakistan.
3. 1. A.D.
4. U.S.S.R. is known as C.C.C.P. in the Cryllic alphabet.
5. Only one — the rest are all anniversaries.
6. Citric acid.
7. Brackets.
8. Oxygen.
9. Stanley Laurel.
10. Mahatma Gandhi.
11. No country. The oldest satellite is the moon.
12. False. They are of the same length.
13. Tsang Po.
14. Rudyard Kipling.
15. Elephants.
16. Peanuts. Mr. Carter was a peanut farmer till politics took him to Presidency.
17. He draws maps and charts.

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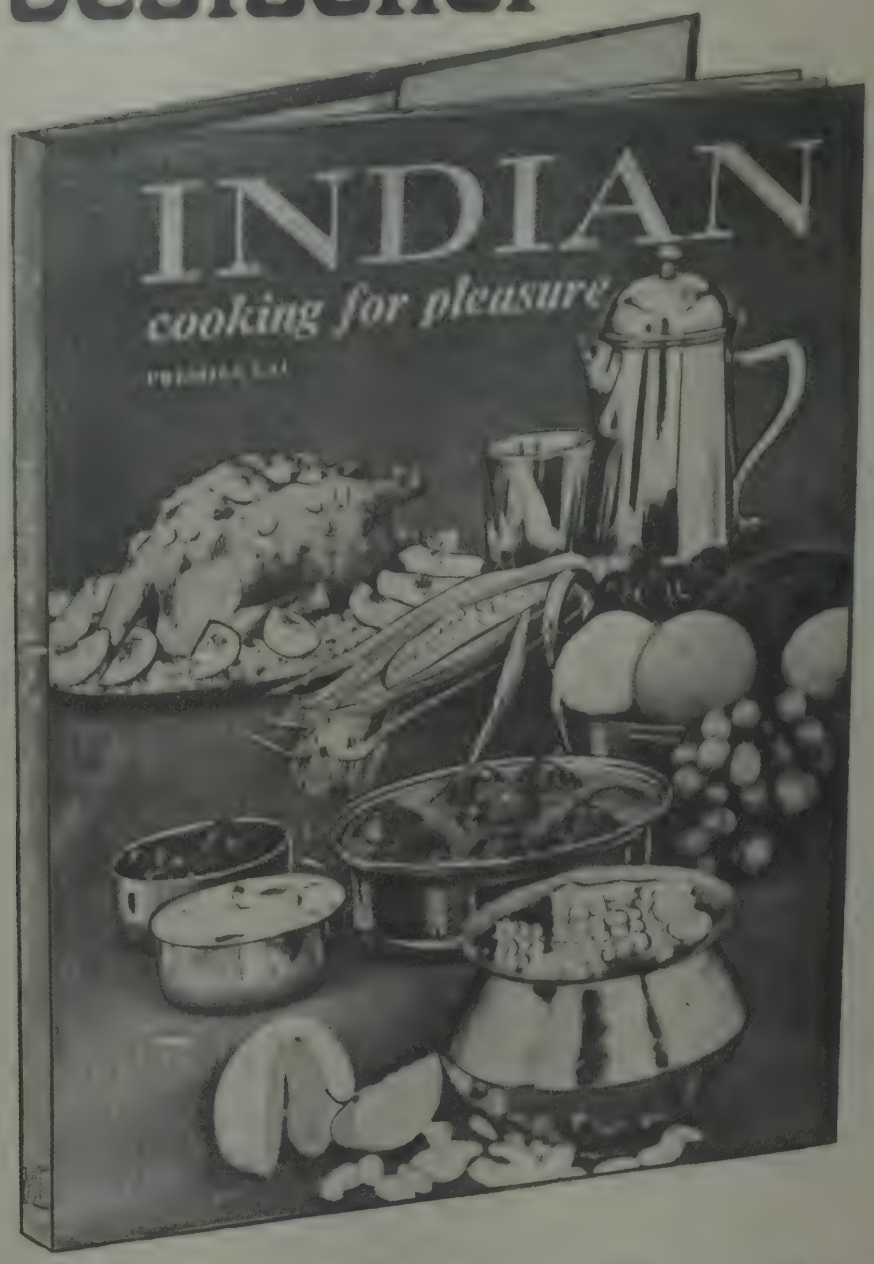

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SHATRUGHAN SINHA: talented braggart

Vijaya Irani

Shatru needs no introduction, much less as the star who has achieved the unique distinction of being the most labelled in the industry. Do you remember their number and variety? The villain-turned-hero, the Brag, Loudmouth, Double Bore, and "Shotgun", based on a corruption of his name, are some of them. But whatever it was, the labels stuck to the man, while he zoomed his way from just an Institute lad to a fame that increased from one performance to another

Okay, so he brags. At least he does not get it done by his cronies or chamchas like many others do. And whatever the extent and frequency of this chest thumping, one thing has to be admitted. As his producers and directors insist, his talent is indisputable.

Shatru has a very sensitive streak which is constantly showing up in his reactions to what others say about him and to incidents which appear to be small to the outside world but which have affected him deeply.

"Yes, I was criticised by the press and ridiculed when I got into hero's roles," he says, and when his first few films did not prove to be the box-office hits which his villain role films did. But his self-confidence was not shaken. "So what?" he asks defiantly. "For an actor to take such a big risk, leaving villain's roles, in which he has zoomed to the top, and take up hero's roles where he has actually to start from scratch, and then work his way up to the top, struggling against the tough competition, is no small feat."

Even while he bragged about the assignments he had got in films like "Khaan Dost", Kotwal Saab" and "Shaitaan", he faced a lot of adverse publicity, but this did not faze him at all, not even when they proved far from the earth shakers he had claimed they would be.

He was sure this was only a passing phase and that he had the talent to make a successful hero. Not only that, he was confident that he did not have to be the same kind of hero who achieved such high success in "Kallicharan", which was a super hit. No, he had it in him, he felt sure, to be an emotional actor. So, on the heels of "Kallicharan"'s bumper success, came the tame, confusing "Khaan Dost" and "Kotwal Saab".

"I was not spared criticism this time too," he said. "But shouldn't an actor take on newer challenges in the form of new types of roles if he thinks he has the talent? The truth is, the press never appreciates anything new you want to do. However, the public, my fans, have accepted me as a versatile artiste"

Now he has many assignments. He keeps triple-shifting from one film to another, from one studio to another. I know another thing too. He loves to turn up late at least for his first shift. Guess why? The small boy in him (who pops out from the adult actor so frequently), who was hurt by stories and gossip and who knows that big heroes land up late for shooting, loves the thought of the unit hanging around waiting for him.

And now, loaded with dozens of multi-star films of the very biggest banners—"Kranti", "Shaan", "Kaala Patthar", "Santosh"—he has now to defend himself for once having said that he would not work in multi-star films, for he would be labelled as a supporting actor. Like Rajesh Khanna, he was always thought to be a stubborn loner.

Now that he has taken on so many multi-star films, what happens to his earlier stand?

"When heroes like Shashi and Amitabh or Dharmendra take on multi-starrers, do you call them parallel roles, or supporting actors?" he asks.

Shatru does not say so in so many words, but it is obvious that he considers himself in the rank of Dharam, Shashi and Amitabh. Without having really reached there by virtue of his solo films, he can now claim to be out there among the big names by virtue of being with them in the multi-starrers. So, despite his bragging, there's no denying the fact that he has reached up there, and there is no looking back either.

Photograph : Sanil

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NIGHT SCHOOLS: battling for survival

Described variously — depending upon knowledge and experience — as "the place for misfits" and "a temple for boys interested in education for self-betterment," one fact which emerges about night schools is that they have greatly contributed to the uplift of the educational standards of the working class.

And yet, ironical as it may seem, night schools are fighting a losing battle for survival. Unable to cope with the new syllabus (10+2+3) and still make ends meet, some schools have already closed down a few classes and are seriously contemplating folding up completely.

Night schools are run by various "Sanghas" or charitable institutions, many of which have free schools. Those that do charge fees do not make much money either, since night school fees are half of that of day schools. Thus, a standard five student pays Rs. 2.50 per month, with a progressive 25 p. increase for every standard higher. The highest payable is Rs. 3.75. Even the term fees are 50 per cent of those chargeable by day schools — i.e. Rs. 5 for both terms. "Since many of the students are poor and can't pay even this, we don't insist or penalise them," said one principal.

Of the 102 night schools running in Bombay City, according to the list available at the office of the Deputy Director of Education, only two are unaided. The other 100 all rely on government funds to maintain themselves. Briefly, the system for receiving aid is this. Every month the school has to credit into the bank one twelfth of the recoverable fees of the previous year. The amount over and above that, which the school requires to pay its teaching staff, is given by the government as aid. All other expenses — sundry, incidental and for contingencies— have to be met by the school itself. Most schools need at least Rs. 6000-7000 for this during the year. They raise this sum through donations, functions etc.

Night schools are the only escape hatch to vertical mobility for ambitious but underprivileged youth. And now even that may be sealed off

Indu Gupta

Though this system may look and sound easy at first, in reality it is not. Statistics of the number of night schools upto 1975-76 should prove the point.

Year	No. of Night Schools in Bombay
1972-73	522
1973-74	500
1974-75	337
1975-76	252

The proportion of students in each school has dropped proportionately. Thus the schools have to credit into the bank more fees than they receive. This only worsens their financial position. The parent institutions have no funds to meet this deficit and in desperation are forced to close down.

Some of the suggestions that could be considered to end this crisis were put forward at the fourth annual conference of the Maharashtra State Night School Head Masters Association, held in 1976. These are:

1. Recoverable tuition fees

The night school should be allowed to credit every month one twelfth of the recoverable tuition fees of the current year. This would get the salary bills passed and expel the atmosphere of uncertainty and dissatisfaction among the staff.

2. Admission fee

Night schools should be allowed to charge an admission fee equal to that charged by day schools.

3. Term fees

Term fees for night schools are half of that charged by day schools. Since equipment is bought at the same rate, the fee chargeable should be equal to that of day schools. (However, this might make them as inaccessible to the working class.)

4. Additional Discretionary Grants

Night schools, whether in urban areas or rural areas, should be treated as schools from backward areas and so should be given preference for additional discretionary grants.

5. Incidental expenditure

Night schools have to incur incidental expenses in view of the special circumstances in which they function. Hence, reasonable expenditure on the meetings of the school committees and the academic councils, as they are held at odd hours; special measures taken to provide extra coaching to students to bring them upto the required standard etc. should be considered admissable for grants.

As if the step-daughterly treatment meted out to night schools by the government were not enough, night schools also have their full share of academic problems. This is threefold.

The new 10+2+3 system of education is responsible for two problems. On the one hand the portion has become so vast (ten papers) that the teachers find it impossible to complete the syllabus in the two and a half or three hours that the schools function every day. On the other hand, because all the ten papers are compulsory, Maths and English are two stumbling blocks the students cannot overcome. In 1975, 53 night schools had zero per cent results at the S.S.C. This was mainly due to failure in these two subjects. Mr. V.C. Satghare, a teacher at the B.P.E. Society's Bandra Night High School explains, "The background that the students come from has included neither Maths nor English. Bringing them upto the exacting S.S.C. standard in the limited time available is no easy task."

Continued on page 42

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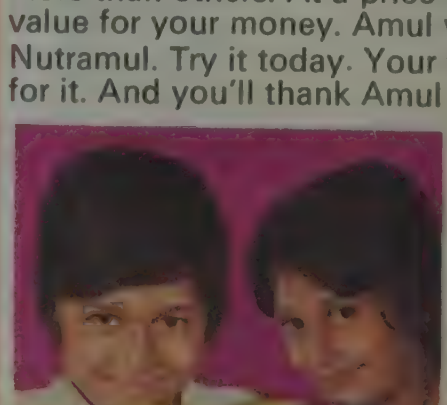

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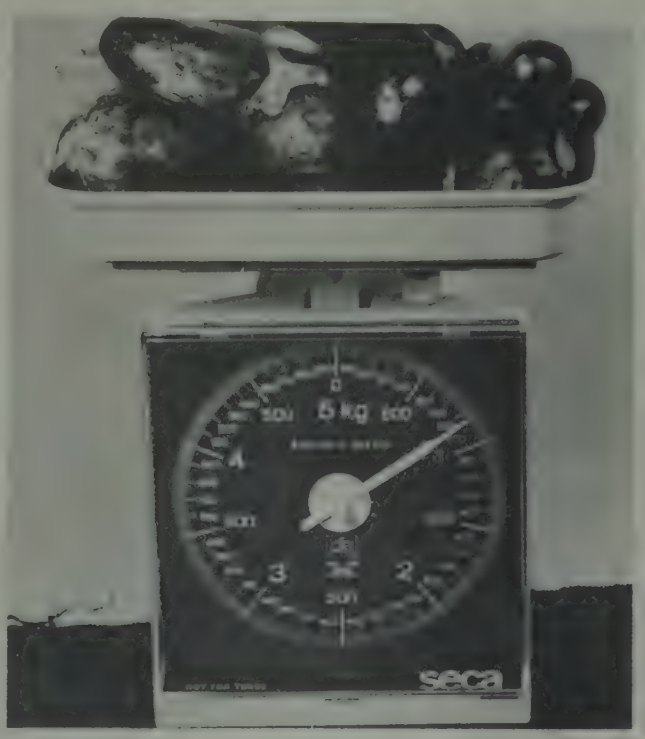

Devi

"What do you think of Rajesh's comeback?" asked a producer of me. "It all depends on how optimistic one is. My mother for example, till she died, sincerely felt that the British would come back and rule India."

On the contrary, I feel Rajesh is more like Napoleon, who lost at Waterloo. Till today very few folks know who won it. Here too, nobody is

RAJESH: Flights Of Fancy

interested in the winner except the winner, producers and distributors. Everyone wants to know what the loser minus his crown is doing

Right now Rajesh is on his flights of fantasy. This time he has many enemies (actually everyone is suddenly very nice to him) who are not after his career, his films, or his producers, but after his home.

The last of the imaginary marriage breakers, according to Dimple, Mama-Bhatija, are also gone. Now it is Manoj Kumar. No, he has not offered Dimple a role, but the Ashirwad cutlery insists that Manoj rings up Dimple. For all you know it could be a joke played up by one of the cutlery.

Poor Manoj, he has already started shooting "Kranti" with Hema and Babi, and never had the phonaphoni hobby even as a schoolboy.

Flight No. 2 of fantasy is that I went to his house on his birthday because I wanted his support against Dharam and that I also wanted an entry on his "Rajput" set. Poor Rajesh, in his peak days I took nothing from him. And I can fight my battles on my own. What an inferiority complex to think that I went to him for Dharam! And only three years ago, when I went to London, he used to think I had planned to bump into him accidentally there. I don't blame him, you are bound to lose confidence if you spend your evenings and nights with the leftover cutlery of rival stars.

LAILAN YOUNG

Continued from page 13

way. And I collect a lot of material during my travels. I give about 80 speeches in a year."

Reviewing her after-dinner speeches sometime back, a well known organisation in London said, "By common consent you are voted a speaker par excellence."

Her speeches include such interesting subjects as "Love Around The World", which describes the love, courtship and marriage customs of the French, Italians, British, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Americans, Spanish and other races around the world and "Living by Wits and Wiles in Paris and London" giving scintillating account of her private meetings with Gregory Peck, Prince Phillip and other famous people. A book written by Lailan, "Improve Your English", was published in 1970.

While in India, she also collected material to write short articles on the godmen in India.

She also writes regularly three columns in three county magazines every month on food and wine. To begin with, she was expected to go and eat at all restaurants and then write about them, but she gave that up. She said in an amused tone, "I was scared of being poisoned. Now my columns deal with interviews of well known people, what they like to eat, what their favourite restaurants are and what their favourite dish is, and whether they like to eat at home Then sometimes I give the recipe of their favourite dish." In this connection, she has interviewed many lords and ladies, stars of the B.B.C., and Television, editors of well-known magazines.

Lailan's trip to Nepal was organised by the PATA office in London and she stayed in Nepal as the guest of the Nepalese Tourist Office with a Tibetan family. Her write up on Nepal will be published in "Pacific" and "Sunday Times". She is also doing a lot of work for the B.B.C. World Service and will be doing a series of programmes called "London Letter" from next February onwards. These programmes will be broadcast to Asia and Australia.

NIGHT SCHOOLS:
battling for survival

Mr. K. D. Mulky, Principal of the Bombay Fort Night High School, echoes his sentiments, adding that it is mainly the vastness of the syllabi that the students find difficult to overcome.

There was a proposal to let night school students take four years instead of the scheduled three years for standards eight, nine, and ten. Thus the eighth and the ninth would be completed in one and a half years each, the tenth taking the usual one year. "Unfortunately," rues Mr. R.G. Satar, a former principal of a night school, "the proposal was vetoed by the educationists, the headmasters themselves, who felt that the students might be made to feel inferior." That failing can be as demoralising is a fact they apparently failed to consider.

The Principal of the Bandra English High School, Mr. V. D. Rao, says, "We don't really have a problem of time. We have extra classes for those subjects and we also work throughout the holidays."

The third academic problem that these schools face is teachers. The scale of pay provided by the government is less than half of that given to day school teachers. There is also no allowance for increments. The reason given for this is that they are part-time teachers, a reasoning which is ridiculous when you consider that they are teaching the same subjects and portions as the day school teachers.

"For the teachers, coming here is like social service," says Mr. Rao. "Most of the teachers are those who have themselves studied through night schools and who are repaying their debt to society in the most noble way — through the propagation of education."

His eyes shining with pride as he spoke of the 1200 students in his school (450 are girls), Mr. Rao continued, "I think the students in my school do not lack anything that day schools students have. (There was a P. T. class going on in the compound. The only visible difference was moonlight instead of sunlight). In fact, in some ways they are at an advantage. They have joined school out of their personal ambition for betterment. Some of the day school problems, such as back-answering and indiscipline, do not exist.

One point on which every principal unanimously agreed was that students of night schools came on their own and not by force...and because of this, their attitude was a responsible one. They completed their studies either in school itself or under street lamps, usually after having worked at a job for 12 hours.

That the students are enthusiastic is proved by this true story. About six years ago, some night school students decided to conduct their own school for their friends who did not have time to go to school. Every night, at 11 p.m., they would assemble on a traffic island at Charni Road and, under the watchful glare of the signals and lamps, teach and help each other. One thing was common between the teachers and the taught — their desire to advance in life through education.

Some night schools do engage in unscrupulous methods to make money. A flourishing business is taking proxy students who don't attend classes, and in fact don't even belong to the school. A handsome sum is paid to the principal, the student pays through his nose for private classes, passes the exam and everyone is either richer or happier. This is prevalent only in a very small section of the schools. Though these principals are being caught and suitably punished, it results in a lot of bad publicity for the good night schools, who can ill afford it.

India's literacy rate is accelerating, secondary schools and even colleges are being set up in villages. The necessity of night schools in the cities is rapidly falling. Not as reflection on them but, on the contrary, for the betterment of the whole country, let us hope that the day will come when there will be no need for night schools because everyone will be literate.

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CANTEEN BOY WITH AMBITION

Narayan is the canteen-boy in a magazine office. When asked to answer questions for this feature on night schools, he asked if he could play the journalist for once and write out the story of his life as a canteen-boy and student. Following is the edited version of his writings.

"I am a 20-year-old boy and my name in Narayan M. Shetty. The name of my school is Kannada Bhavan Society. In my school we study Hindi, English and Kannada. Some people call my school the Kannada Bhavan Institute. I am a student in the twelfth class and my main subjects are Politics, Economics, History and Sociology.

"I am very unlucky because I have still not been able to find a nice job—so I work in a canteen. My work keeps me very busy and I have no proper time to go to school. I go to school at six o'clock in the evening. I think that in Bombay every night school student studies with difficulty, because nobody cares for them. They not only have studying problems but they also have problems of food and clothes and time. It is impossible to get leave even for one day and often I cannot complete my homework.

"In my school we have an annual celebration when we have dramas and dances. We also have cricket and football. Those who do well get prizes. Last year our class got the first prize for football and cricket. The reason why I have joined a night school is that I have no family or house in Bombay, so I have to work during the day and study at night. All the boys in my class are my friends and I think of all of them as my brothers. They never quarrel with me or beat me.

"Every morning I get up at 6 a.m., come back from school at 9.15 p.m. and sleep by 11 p.m. This is my daily routine. I do not like to live in Bombay and after I complete my degree I will go to my village in Mysore.

THE STATE OF OUR EDUCATION

Continued from page 9

ternational Centre, The Institute of Constitutional and Parliamentary Studies, The National Institute of Community Development and the IITs.

No doubt foreign institutions, both private and those run by the Government, have become an integral part of our education, but some research projects and institutions which have been established in collaboration with the U.S. have been exposed as covers for U.S. espionage. The Himalayan Project exposed in the late 60s is one such. The Asia Foundation in 1970 and the WHO project on the movement of mosquitoes are others. According to L. Natarajan, in his book "American Shadow Over India", all U.S. collaborations and grants should be seen in the context of the statement made by W. Park Armstrong, U.S. State Department, A. P., Assistant for Intelligence (C.I.A.) in February 1951: "We developed our extensive programme of collaboration with Universities, endowments and other research organisations, both here and abroad. . ."

It is indeed unfortunate that our education policy is framed by industrialists and foreign agencies who, for the most, are not concerned about serving the needs of the Indian masses but are bent on shaping education for personal gain. In Bombay University, the Senate, officially the highest decision making body of the University, comprises principals from private and government colleges, representatives of industrial and commercial bodies and government officials. A few seats have been allotted to teachers and students. In fact, however, students and teachers, who ought to play a significant role in shaping and directing educational policies, are the passive receivers of policies doled out by financial kingpins.

THE CRAMPING EFFECTS OF EDUCATION

The most obvious undemocratic nature of our education is epitomised by the student-teacher relationship. The syllabus is laid out, the content is summarised and explained in cheap guides, the teacher mechanically delivers lectures. The creative abilities of the student are not encouraged to develop, hence the average student is unable to think for himself. There is little room for enquiry or argument. Whatever the teacher says is accepted unquestioningly by him. At the time of examination the student dutifully spews out what he has imbibed at class. Such is the "learning" process.

The Report of the Education Commission, published in the Economic and Political Weekly, June 1972, admitted. "The existing situation in higher education broadly alternates between slackness and strain-slackness during sessions, strain at the tome of the examination. In many of the weaker colleges and universities, teachers teach mechanically and listlessly."

Moreover, the content taught is of a dubious nature, specially in the sphere of the social sciences. Since no indigenous pioneering work has been done our text books and reference material still depend on western interpretations of the Indian conditions. Far from giving a true picture, reality is often distorted, and western values are superimposed on Indian situations.

Further, what is taught at the higher levels is scarcely beneficial to India. Technological education imparted at the Indian Council of Medical Sciences and other institutes is too advanced for Indian conditions. According to an UNCTAD report on Brain Drain, 25 from every 40 graduates from such institutes go abroad in search of better avenues. The rich nations save a minimum of Rs. three lakhs in the cost of education for each skilled technician. Institutes like the IITs are heavily subsidised to provide technicians for foreign economies. In 1970 alone, 15.000 engineers, 9,000 doctors and 6,000 scientists left the country after being educated on the Public Exchequer.

CRISIS IN EDUCATION

Indian economy is today characterised by a stagnant rural structure covering 80 per cent of the people, while the few pockets of industry are constantly faced with recession, inflation or both. With the maintenance of the present structure, which keeps purchasing power almost at the subsistence level, the formation and investment of capital takes place at a very slow rate. As a result, the rate of growth is very slow or relatively nil or takes place in an isolated, warped fashion.

This situation affects education adversely, as a stagnant economy creates jobs extremely slowly. It has been a characteristic feature of Indian life that even the miniscule percentage of students which passes through higher education finds it increasingly difficult to be absorbed in the very restricted job market. With the primitive conditions that exist today in India, there is a crying need for thousands of engineers, scientists, doctors and administrators to contribute to the development that is necessary and urgent. Yet we find employment of doctors and engineers in the cities while their services are urgently needed in the villages.

In recent years, authorities have raised the spectre of "overcrowding of education" and "too many people being educated." Though India's needs for a skilled, educated community are immense, even the meagre 3.2 per cent going in for higher education are not, at present, being absorbed. Faced with such a crisis, educational policies have tried to cut the man to fit the coat—unemployment or underemployment of educated people is found to be politically destabilising for those with vested interests in society; therefore, to constantly reduce the number of educated, not only in higher education, but at the school level too, seems to have become a systematic educational policy.

The employment situation seems to be sharply deteriorating over the years. While 35 per cent of the total educated matriculates and above were unemployed in 1966, by 1972 their number had increased to 47.5 per cent. According to the Tata Year Book, in 1972 there were 1.7 million matriculates unemployed in the country, in addition to 935,000 under-graduates, 61,000 diploma holders, 602 post-graduates, and 23,000 engineers. The total number of unemployed persons in that year was, therefore, 3.278.000. In the same source book, it is estimated that the average waiting time for a job is around one to one and a half years for non-professional graduates.

Instead of increasing the jobs, however, our planners have attacked education, which shows either a complete lack of understanding of the problem, or a deliberate manipulation.

As has already been seen the education allocation in 1976 underwent a major cut. This is, apparently, one way of reducing the number of people being educated. Another pointer to this trend is the closure of night schools, the plans announced to finally do away with morning and evening colleges, and the reduction of grants to these institutions.

These closures have been effected in the name of "raising qualitative standards," but this rationalisation remains somewhat suspect, especially in view of the fact that the unclosed institutions continue to function as before, and that, in the first place, there was nothing stopping the government from raising the qualitative standards of education uniformly in some other way.

Quantity is not what ails our educational system. In fact, it is clear that very few people are covered by our educational system. Also, the class of people the various cuts and closures affect is not difficult to ascertain.

Two other programmes initiated by the University Grants Commission which seem to aim in the same general direction are the 10+2+3 system and the creation of autonomous colleges.

The two major goals of the 10+2+3 system are "to raise standards" and to prevent overcrowding in colleges." However, it is only the latter that has been implemented. While the rest of the formulations of the U.G.C. remain unimplemented, the artificially instituted drop-out rate at each stage has sharply increased. While it is hoped that only "lovers of education" will go in for the +3 stage, in actual fact, the present system will make education, especially in the higher stages, even more inaccessible to those who are financially badly off.

The creation of autonomous colleges has again been made in the name of "excellence" and "raising of standards." The fact is, however, that autonomous colleges tend to be the elite preserves of the richer classes—preserves whose position was probably being threatened in recent years, and which have now, apparently, chosen to bolster their status by legally creating a distinction between themselves and a mass of unrecognised educational institutions.

Though it might have been a more difficult task, it would have been more fruitful to implement those measures which are purported to improve standards in autonomous colleges at a general, all-college level. What is happening, instead, is that a heavily elitist educational system is being increasingly propped up and the much-needed change in the opposite direction is becoming more and more obscure.

From the above facts and conclusions, a final observation can be made. Under the existing conditions in India today, our education in general, and our higher education in particular, not only restricts the upward movement of the majority of the Indian people, but it has become a convenient tool for the maintenance and enlargement of the power of the economically dominant classes.

The situation today, and the tasks before us, were well summed up in the words of the former Prime Minister, quoted in the Times of India in December 1974:

"Our difficulty is that we have had an educational system which had little contact with life in our country. In spite of Independence, the system has not really changed much. It belongs not only to another civilisation. It belongs to another century, and we need a minor or even perhaps a major revolution in the whole thinking so that education produces young people who can think on original lines."

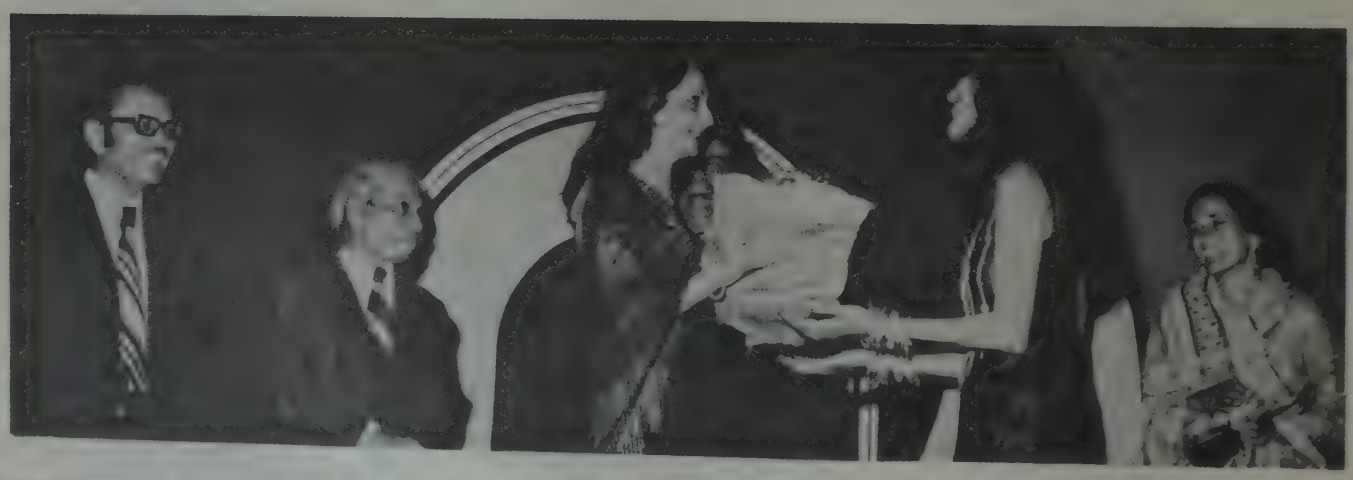
people and events

At the prize distribution ceremony organised by the Zonta Club of Bombay I for their inter-school essay contest, the Mayor of Bombay, Mr. Murli Deora, chief guest, addresses the gathering. Seated (from left) are vice-president Mrs. Manju Shah, president Mrs.. Tannaz P. Tarapore and Miss Meher Moos.

LEFT: Mr. S. P. Godrej, chairman of the Indian Council of World Affairs, Bombay Branch, presenting a bouquet to Mrs. Ramphal, wife of Mr. S. S. Ramphal, Commonwealth Secretary-General. Bombay's Mayor Murli Deora is in the centre.

LEFT: Mr. Aazuo Ogawa, visiting hairstylist and beautician from Tokyo, gives a demonstration at the Rachelle Beauty Parlour, Bombay. Mrs. Ray Stevenson, owner of Rachelle, looks on at right.

RIGHT: At a party hosted by the Indo-Thai Friendship and Cultural Assn. for the new Consul-General of Thailand, in Calcutta are seen (from left) Mr. Nibondh Sathaporn, the new consul-gen., Mrs. Sathaporn, Lady Ranu Mookerjee, Mrs. P. Jalan, Mrs. Sawalkar, Mr. M. K. Verma, Mr. P. L. Jalan, pres. of the assn. and Mr. Hari Singh.



BELOW: Seen at the fashion parade organised by the students of the Ethiraj College, Madras, are (from left) Miss Amita Aiana, assistant sales manager, Hotel Taj Coromandel, one of the judges, Miss Indira Pillai, 1st runner-up, Miss Mala Pillai, 2nd runner-up, Miss Tahsim Quadir, crowned Miss Ethiraj College, Mrs. Vasanthi, principal, Mrs. Anita Ratnam-Rangaraj and Mrs. S. J. Kuruvilla, judges.

ABOVE: At a function during the Giants International convention in Pune, Vani Ganpathy hands over a bouquet to Saira Banu. Dilip Kumar is behind her. At ext. left is Giants' World Chairman Nana Chudasama, and at ext. right, Mrs. Chudasama.

RIGHT: Mrs. Vimala Somaiah, president, Andheri Jaycees, seen with Mr. Tushar Mehta, national pres. Indian Jaycees, who handed over the Outstanding President Award to her in Nagpur.

bombay

Friends of the Trees (FOT) a voluntary organization devoted to fostering love for nature and trees, will be organising its 19th Annual Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Show at Veermata Jijabai Bhosle Udyan, Byculla, on February 18 and 19, 1978. The FOT Flower Shows have always been accepted as a cultural event of the city. This year the Flower Show assumes greater significance as the FOT is at the same time celebrating its 20th year of existence. A number of programmes of permanent national nature are proposed to be launched on this occasion.

The success of the Show depends primarily on the active support of garden lovers and nature lovers. We invite the citizens to participate in the Show by entering the competitions and/or by displaying their creations in vegetation life at the Show.

Intending participants are requested to get in touch with Kisan Mehta, chairman, flower show committee or the FOT office at 148, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay 400 023, for further information on participation.

* * *

Mrs. Vimala Somaiah, president of Andheri Jaycees and an officer of the LIC, was given the "Most Outstanding Chapter President Award" of Indian Jaycees at a ceremony held at Nagpur during the 22nd National Convention of Indian Jaycees.

The Award was given to her by Mr. Tushar Mehta, national president, Indian Jaycees, in the presence of 1700 delegates attending from all over the country, Ceylon and Bangladesh in recognition of her outstanding leadership qualities in promoting and contributing to the interest of the Jaycees. This is the first time a lady president has won this Award.

Andheri Jaycees was also given an award for the most outstanding national programme — "Operation Community Betterment", outstanding public relations work and outstanding Ways and Means programmes carried out by them during this year.

Mr. A. B. M. Ziauddin, national president of Bangladesh Jaycees gave Mrs. Somaiah a gift on behalf of his organisation at the awards function.

The Zoroastrian community in a changing world was discussed at length by prominent and lay men of the community, at the 3rd World Zoroastrian Congress held here from January 4 - 8.

Following a grand inauguration at the Birla Matushri Sabhaghar, which was presided over by vice-president Mr. B. D. Jatti, governor of Maharashtra Mr. Sadiq Ali and Maharashtra's Chief Minister, Mr. Vasantdada Patil, among others, four days of lecture sessions and a workshop were held. The topics discussed included the uplift of the priestly class, the economic condition of the community, education for the younger generation, setting up of a world Zoroastrian association and a social and cultural survey of Zoroastrians in the recent past and present and suggestions for the future.

delhi

Mr. Hiranmay Kalekar, Editor, "Hindustan Times", chairman, and members of the reception committee organised a reception at the Chelmsford Club to celebrate the 24th annual session of the All-India Newspapers Conference. Prime Minister Morarji Desai, who inaugurated the conference, said in his speech that his government will never put any curbs on the Press. The conference was attended by editors of newspapers from all over India.

* * *

To meet Mr. Sikander Bakht, Union Minister for Works and Housing, on his return from a tour of the Arab countries, Miss Raj Usha Chopra, chairman, and members of the Indo-Arab Society held an 'at home' in Hotel Janpath. Mr. Bakht talked of the cordial welcome accorded to him by our Arab friends and of the growing friendship between the Arab countries and India. Ambassadors of Arab countries, the Press, speaker Mr. K. S. Hegde and the elite of the capital were present at the reception.

calcutta

The Governor of West Bengal Mr. T.N. Singh lighted an ornate bronze lamp to mark the inauguration of the Academy of Fine Arts' 42nd all-India salon. In his address he promised to help the Academy in every possible way. The others who spoke at the function were the Education Minister Mr. Sambhu Ghosh, the Minister for Public Works and Housing, Mr. Jatin Chakravarty and the President of the Academy, Lady Ranu Mookerjee.

* * *

'Dance Dynamique' organised by the YMCA was an entertaining evening of music and dance. Papaya Das' Oriental Exotica was much appreciated by the audience. The Miss YMCA and Mr. YMCA titles were bagged by Miss Sanchita Biswas and Mr. Roderigues respectively. Kajal Chakrobarty was declared the 'Most Popular Lady' in the Bangle Dance number. Sumit Roy sang to the music provided by Anto Menezes and his band.

* * *

Mr. Praphan Srisouta of Thailand held an exhibition of his drawings and prints. The Birla Academy of Art and Culture collaborated with the Indian Council for Cultural Relations which has sponsored Mr. Srisouta's visit to India under its Exchange Programme. The exhibition was inaugurated by Prof. S.K. Mukherjee, Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University.

madras

A scintillating fashion parade and the Miss Ethiraj College contest were held at the auditorium of the Ethiraj College for Women. Tahsim Quadir walked away with the Miss Ethiraj College title. The runners up were Mala and Indira Pillai. The contest was judged by three judges, Miss Amita Aiana, assistant sales manager of the Taj Coromandel Hotel, Mrs. Anita Ratnam-Rangaraj, and Mrs. S. J. Kuruvilla, correspondent of Eve's Weekly. Popular film star Shabana Azmi made a fleeting appearance.

kerala

The Palghat Y.W.C.A. celebrated Christmas by distributing clothes to ten widows of Chirakad, a village adopted by it. It also started a tailoring class in the village which was inaugurated by Mrs. Anita Mohndas, wife of the District Collector.

CORRECTION

The cookery feature in our issue dated January 14-20, 1978 was by Premila Lal and not Sushilla Vaswani.

INTERVIEW WITH PRATAP C. CHUNDER

Continued from page 8

mic. The worst sufferers are, of course, girls.

A survey conducted by the government shows, according to Dr. Chunder, that by the sixth standard, there is a 60 per cent drop-out and the percentage increases to 75 by the seventh standard and nearly 90 per cent by the tenth.

Non-formal education for drop-outs therefore becomes a major task in the literacy drive.

Tried successfully in Tamil Nadu, the scheme involves teachers going into the villages and setting up non-formal education centres to which drop-outs can be attracted in their spare time, especially in the evenings and during periods when there is little or no agricultural activity. Recently they had to double the number of such centres.

Other states, such as Bengal and Tripura, are also going ahead with it and are getting good response. By the end of January, Gujarat expects to have 100 centres and Rajasthan expects to touch 100 by April, said Dr. Chunder.

Responding to questions about the western orientation of our present educational system, often criticised as designed by the British to create a nation of servile clerks, Dr. Chunder said, "That is an allegation often levelled at our education. It is not wholly correct. We now have a large number of Indian scientists, lawyers, doctors, etc., who are standing on their own.

"There should, of course, be more change. It has to be tackled from the bottom."

Commenting on the ongoing strike by teachers in Maharashtra, Dr. Chunder said that from his own experience of 31 years of teaching, he did not think teachers should go on strike. "If they follow labour, that does not fit their role as teachers." He added, however, that it was not for him to "discuss the claims of the particular teaching community of this state."

When asked about some of the recent controversies, such as the reported ban of certain history books by Romilla Thapar, and his recent statement about scholars attending seminars abroad, Dr. Chunder became visibly agitated and defended himself with fervour. To sum up, his contention was that much of the controversy was caused by misinformation and incomplete information.

A. J., R. K. and J. P.

madam i'm adam

It was 6 o'clock on a bleak and dreary evening. Phyllis was out of town. She'd left the previous day, pinning a note on my pillow: "Darling, Aunt Mabel is ill and wants me. I'll be away four or five days. Miss me but have fun. To help you do this, I've asked Mac to introduce you to Isadora. Love, Phyllis."

* * *

Thinking about the note, I legged it, all on my ownsome that evening, heading for the nearest bar. Suddenly, without warning, a car screeched to a halt at my side, missing me by the breath of its paintwork. I jumped all of six feet in the air. When I descended, I yelled at the driver. "What the hell do you think you're doing, you goddam maniac?"

A face peered at me from the front window. It was Mac and his grin met at the back of his head. "Stop making noises, pal," he said, "and get in."

I waited for my nerve ends to settle down and climbed in beside him.

* * *

"Dammit," I said heatedly, "you've shortened my life by ten years."

"To compensate," said Mac, "I'm taking you to meet a unique personality. She's thirty, single, with a face like a madonna and a figure that makes old men cry in their soup."

"Any special reason for this visit?"

"Sure," said Mac. "The lady is a record nut. She's got thousands of discs from way back when. All the world's greats. You like?"

"I like," I said. "I don't go for all this modern bilge. They should throw it to the wolves on a winter's night."

"Then, boy," said Mac, "you can treat your ears to a feast."

* * *

Ten minutes later we were there. Isadora let us in with a smile that made my knees weak. There were two other guys I knew present — Mike and Raj. Both of them would have slit their throats if music disappeared tomorrow.

Isadora said, "There's drinks and snacks on the sideboard. Help yourselves, then we'll settle down and listen to various types of musical genius. As my guests, the first choice is yours."

She waved a graceful hand at a large table. Jeeze, there were enough records there to make a collector hock his own grandmother.

* * *

We sipped our drinks and examined the collection. Names caught my eye that made me whistle. Gawd, I thought, you're in the presence of every musical master who ever thrilled a eardrum. As Isadora requested, we made mental notes of what we wanted to hear.

"Ready?" she asked. We nodded in awe. "Who's first?" she said. Mac pointed at me. "His first time here," he said, "let's see what the guy fancies."

Isadora said, "Be my guest," and I handed her the first disc. I hear she lets no one on earth operate her equipment, except the mechanics.

* * *

Baby, words almost fail me. It would take ten columns to tell you about the music that flowed out of the magnificent speakers and wrapped itself around our hearts. But let me try! We heard the oldies of giants like Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson, Lionel Hampton, George Shearing, Herbie Mann, Gene Krupa, Dave Brubeck, Winifred Atwell, Benny Goodman, Harry James, Pepe Jaramillo, Mantovani, Billy Vaughn, and scores more. We thrilled to the unique voices of Sinatra, Perry Como, Louis Armstrong, Crosby, Nat King Cole, Ella Fitzgerald, Mahalia Jackson, Catherine Valente, Belefonte and Miriam Makeba. The hours went by on wings of enchanting melody.

* * *

Raj, Mike and Mac switched reverently to the classics. We listened enthralled to the compositions of the masters rendered by such wizards as Dinu Lipati, Heifetz, Arthur Grumiand, Alexander Uninsky, The Berlin Philharmonic, David Oistrakh, Vladimir Jampolsky, Kostelnetz, Horowitz, Menhuin, Rubenstein. What soul-shattering brilliance!

* * *

We left at two in the morning, thanking Isadora for a fascinating evening.

"It would have been sacrilege to talk, Isadora," I said. "But tell me, apart from your love of music, what kind of girl are you — socially speaking?"

She flashed me a mischievous smile, picked up a Cole Porter album and pointed at a particular title. It said "Anything Goes!"

Baby, you can be sure of one thing. I filed **that** piece of candid information away in my mind for future reference.

G'bye now!

Adam

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 4, 1978

ESTROGEN THERAPY

Can every woman stay sexy all her life? Yes, say the protagonists of estrogen therapy, who promise "a full sex life for her entire life" to "almost every woman." An explanation of the therapy and what it involves.

BEAUTY FOR THE SKIN

A report on new developments on the beauty front, especially skin therapy, many of which are soon to be introduced in India.

MENOPAUSE

Our doctor discusses menopause in all its aspects.

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Life Coronet Two-in-One
3-Band Radio Cassette Recorder
* Automatic shut-off * Beat-cut switch * Sleep switch * Direct recording from built-in radio * Level meter, etc.

Life
WE-8020
Two-in-One 2-Band Radio Recorder
* Automatic shut-off * Automatic level control * Built-in condenser microphone * Monitor sound switch * Rotary volume/tone control * 100 mm dynamic speaker with 2000 mw output * Sharp radio reception, etc.

Life WE-413 AS
Super Cassette Recorder
* Built-in microphone/ battery eliminator * Instant pause * Rec. battery indicator * Auto stop * 3-Digit tape counter * Tone control * 1.4 watt power output * Sound monitor switch, etc.

Available at all leading entertainment electronics stores.

Life WE 707 AS
Super Deluxe Cassette Recorder
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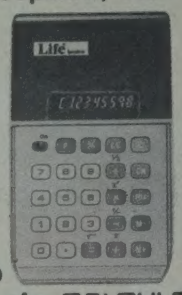

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